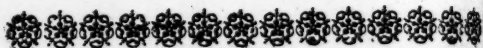


Imprimatur,

ROGER L'ESTRANGE

Novemb. 5th.
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HUDIBRAS.

The Second Part.

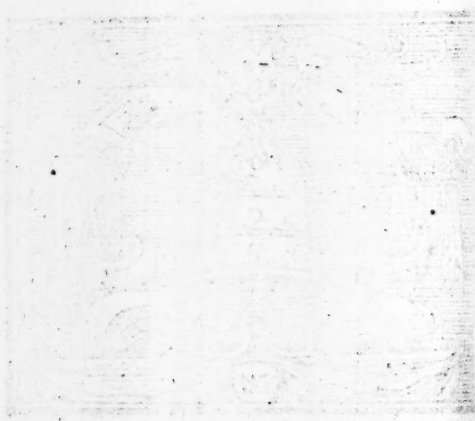
By the Author of the First.



L O N D O N,

Printed by T. R. for John Martyn, and James
Allestree, at the Bell in St. Pauls Church-
Yard. 1664.

at 3,



H



To

The Second Part of HUDIBRAS.

The Argument of the first *Canto*.

*The Knight, by Damnable Magician,
Being cast illegally in Prison ;
Love brings his Action on the Case,
And layes it upon Hudibras.
How he reviv's the Ladies vifit,
And cunningly follicit's his fute,
Which ſhe deferres : yet on Parole,
Redeems him from th' enchanted Hole.*

CANTO I.

BUt now r'observe *Romantique*
Method,
Let bloody Steel a while be
ſheathed ;
And unto *Love* turn we our ſtile,
To let our Reader breathe a while,

By this time tyr'd with horrid sounds
Of blows, and cutts, and blood, and wounds :
In which, that we may be as brief as
Is possible, by way of *Preface*.

Is't not enough to make one strange,
That a mans fancy should ne'r change ?
But make all People do, and say,
The same things still the self. same way ?
Some Writers make all *Ladies* perloynd,
And *Knights* pursuing like a whirlwind :
Others, make all their *Knights*, in fits
Of Jealousie, to lose their wits ;
Till drawing blood o'th' Dames, like *Witches*,
Th'are forthwith cur'd of their Capriches.
Some always thrive in their *Amours*,
By pulling plaisters off their sores ;
As Cripples do to get an Almes,
Just so do they, and win their Dames.
Some force whole Regions, in despight
O' *Geography*, to change their site :
Make former times shake hands with latter,
And that which was before, come after.
But those that write in *Rhime*, still make
The one *Verse*, for the others sake :
For, one for *Sense*, and one for *Rhime*,
I think's sufficient at one time.

But

But we forget in what sad plight
 We whilom left the Captiv'd Knight,
 And pensive Squire, both bruised in body,
 And conjur'd into safe Custody :
 Tyr'd with Dispute, and speaking Latin,
 As well as basting, and Bear-baiting ;
 And desperate of any course,
 To free himself by wit or force,
 His onely Solace was, That now
 His dog-bolt Fortune was so low,
 That either it must quickly end,
 Or turn about again, and mend :
 In which he found th' event, no less
 Then other times, beside his guess.

There is a Tall Long-sided Dame,
 (But wondrous light) ycleped Fame,
 That like a thin Camelion Bourds
 Her self on Ayr, and eats her words :
 Upon her shoulders wings she wears,
 Like hanging-sleeves, lin'd through with ears,
 And eys, and tongues, as Poets list,
 Made good by deep Mythologist.
 With these, she through the Welkin flies,
 And sometimes carries Truth, oft Lyes ;
 With letters hung like Eastern Pidgeons,
 And Mercuries of furthest Regions,

Diurnals

Diurnals writ for Regulation
 Of Lying, to enform the Nation :
 And by their Publick use, to bring down
 The rate of *Whetstones* in the Kingdome.
 About her neck a *Pacquet-Male*,
 Fraught with Advice, some fresh, some stale ;
 Of men that walk'd when they were dead ;
 And *Cows* of *Monsters* brought to bed :
 Of *Hailstones* big as *Pullets* eggs,
 And *Puppies* whelp'd with twice two legs :
 A *Blazing-Star* seen in the *West*,
 By six or seven men at least.

Two Trumpets she does sound at once,
 But both of clean contrary tones.
 But whether both with the same wind,
 Or one before, and one behind,
 We know not ; onely this can tell,
 The one sounds vilely, th' other well.
 And therefore *Vulgar Authors* name
 Th' one Good, the other Evil *Fame*.

This twatling *Gossip* knew too well
 What mischief *Hadisbras* befell,
 And streight the spiteful tydings bears,
 Of all, to th' unkind *Widows* ears.
Democritus ne'r laugh'd so loud
 To see *Bands* carted through the crowd,

Or

CANTO I.

11

Or Funerals with stately Pomp,
March slowly on in solemn dump;
As she laugh'd our, until her back
As well as sides, was like to crack.
She vow'd she would go see the sight,
And visit the distressed *Knight*,
To do the office of a Neighbour,
And be a *Gossip* at his Labour:
That is, to see him deliver'd safe
Of's wooden burthen, and *Squire Raph*;
And by Exchange, Parole, or Ransome,
To free him from th' *Inchanted Mansion*.

This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for Hood
And Usher, Implements abroad,
Which *Ladies* wear, beside a slender
Young waiting *Damsel* to attend her.
All which appearing, on she went,
To find the *Knight* in *Limbo* pent:
And 'twas not long, before she found
Him, and his stout *Squire*, in the Pound;
Both coupled in *Inchanted Tether*,
By further leg behind together:
For as he sate upon his Rump,
His head like one in doleful dump,
Between his knees, his hands appli'd
Unto his ears on either side.

And

And by him, in another hole,
 Afflicted *Ralpho*, cheek by Jowl;
 She came upon him in his wooden
Magicians Circle, on the sudden,
 As *Spirits* do t' a Conjuror,
 When in their dreadfull'st shapes th' appear.

No sooner did the *Knight* perceive her,
 But streight he fell into a feaver,
 Inflam'd all over with disgrace,
 To be seen b' her in such a place;
 Which made him bang the head, and scowl,
 And wink, and goggle, like an Owl.
 He felt his brains begin to swim;
 When thus the Dame accosted him.

This place (quoth she) they say's Inchantèd;
 And with *Delinquent Spirits* haunted;
 That here are ty'd in Chains, and scourg'd,
 Until their guilty Crimes be purg'd:
 Look, there are two of them appear
 Like Persons I have seen somewhere.
 Some have mistaken Blocks and Posts,
 For *Spectres*, *Apparitions*, *Ghosts*
 With Sawcer-eyes, and Horns; and some
 Have heard the Devil beat a Drum:
 But if our eyes are not false Glasses,
 That give a wrong account of faces;

That

That *Beard* and I should be acquainted,
Before 'twas conjur'd and enchanted.
For though it be disfigur'd somewhat,
As if 't had lately been in Combat;
It did belong t' a worthy *Knight*,
Howe'r this *Goblin* is come by't.

When *Hudibras* the *Lady* heard,
Discourfing thus upon his *Beard*,
And fpeak with fuch refpect and honour,
Both of the *Beard*, and the *Beard's* owner,
He thought it beft to fet as good
A face upon it as he cou'd ;
And thus he fpoke. *Lady*, your bright
And radiant eys are in the right :
The *Beard's* th' Identique *Beard* you knew,
The fame numerically true :
Nor is it worn by Fiend or Elf,
But its Proprietor himfelf,

Oh Heavens ! quoth ſhe, Can that be true ?
I do begin to fear 'tis you :
Not by your Individual Whiskers,
But by your Dialect and Difcourfe ;
That never fpoke to Man or Beaft,
In notions vulgarly expreft.
But what malignant Star, alas,
Has brought you both to this ſad paſs ?

Quoth

Quoth he, the fortune of the War,
Which I am less afflicted for,
Then to be seen with *Beard* and *Face*,
By you, in such elenctique case.

Quoth she, Those need not be asham'd,
For being honourably maym'd ;
If he that is in battel conquer'd,
Have any Title to his own *Beard*,
Though yours be sorely lugg'd and torn,
It does your visage more adorn,
Then if 'twere prun'd, and starch'd, and landerd,
And cut square by the *Russian* Standerd.
A torn *Beard's* like a tatter'd Ensign,
That's bravest which there are most rents in.
That Petticoat about your shoulders ;
Does not so well become a Souldier's,
And I'm afraid they are worse handled,
Although i'th' Rere, your *Beard* the Van led.
And those uneasy Bruises make
My heart for company to ake,
To see so worshipful a friend
I'th' Pillory set, at the wrong end.

Quoth *Hudibras*, This thing call'd *Pain*,
Is (as the Learned *Stoicks* maintain)
Not bad, *simpliciter*, nor good,
But meerly as 'tis understood.

Sense

Sense is deceitful, and may feign,
As well in counterfeiting Pain,
As other gross *Phænomena's*,
In which it oft mistakes the Case.

But since th' immortal Intellect
(That's free from Error and Defect,
Whose objects still persist the same)
Is free from outward bruise or maim,
Which nought external can expose
To gross material bangs or blows:

It follows, we can ne'r be sure,
Whether we pain or not, endure:
And just so far are sore and griev'd,
As by the Fancy is believ'd.

Some have been wounded with conceit,
And dy'd of meer opinion streight;
Others, though wounded sore in reason,
Felt no contusion nor discretion.

A *Saxon* Duke did grow so fat,
That *Mice* (as Histories relate)
Eat Grots and Labyrinths, to dwell in
His Postique parts without his feeling:
Then how is't possible a kick

Should e're reach that way to the quick?

Quoth she, I grant, it is in vain,
For one that's bast'ed, to feel pain;

Because

Because the *Pangs* his bones endure,
 Contribute nothing to the Cure :
 Yet *Honor* hurt, is wont to rage
 With *Pain*, no med'cine can assuage.

Quoth he, That *Honor's* very squeamish
 That takes a basting for a blemish :
 For what's more honourable then *skarrs*,
 Or skin to tatters rent in *Warrs*?
 Some have been beaten, till they know
 What wood a *Cudgel's* of by th' blow,
 Some kick'd, until they can feel whether
 A Shoo be *Spanish* or *Neats-Leather*;
 And yet have met, after long running,
 With som whom they have taught that cunning
 The furthest way about, t' o'come,
 In th' end does prove the nearest home.
 By *Laws* of learned *Duellists*,
 They that are bruis'd with *wood*, or *fists*,
 And think one beating may for once
 Suffice, are *Cowards* and *Pultrons*.
 But if they dare engage t' a Second,
 They'r *stout* and *gallant* fellows reckon'd.
 Th' old *Romans*, freedome did bestow ;
 Our *Princes* worship, with a blow :
 King *Pyrrhus* cur'd his Splenatick,
 And testy Courtiers, with a kick.

The *Negus*, when some mighty Lord
 Or *Potentate's* to be restor'd
 To his good *Grace*, for some offence,
 Forfeit before, and pardon'd since
 First has him layd upon his *Belly*,
 Then beaten *back*, and *side*, t'a *Jelly* :
 That done, he rises, humbly bows,
 And gives thanks for the *Princely* blows ;
 Departs not meanly proud, and boasting,
 Of his magnificent *Rib-roasting*.
 The Beaten *Souldier* proves most manful,
 That, like his *Sword*, endur's the Anvile :
 And justly 's held more formidable,
 The more his Valour's malleable.
 But he that fears a *Bastinadoe*,
 Will run away from his own shadow.
 And though I'm now in *durance* fast,
 By our own *Party* basely cast,
Ransome, *Exchange*, *Parole*, refus'd,
 And worse then by the *Enemy* us'd ;
 In close *Catasta* shut, past hope
 Of *Wit*, or *Valour*, to elope :
 As *Beards*, the nearer that they tend
 To th' *Earth*, still grow more reverend ;
 And *Cannons* shoot the higher pitches,
 The lower we let down their breeches :

I'll make this low dejected *fate*
Advance me to a greater height.

Quoth she, Y'have almost made m' in love
With that, which did my pitty move;
Great *Wits* and *Valours*, like great *States*,
Do sometimes sink with their own weights:
Th' extreams of *Glory*, and of *Shame*,
Like *East* and *West*, become the same:
No *Indian-Prince* has to his *Pallace*
More follow'rs then a *Thief* to th' *Gallows*.
But if a *beating* seem so brave,
What *Glories* must a *Whipping* have?
Such great *Atchievements* cannot sayl,
To cast salt on a *Womans* Tayl.
For if I thought your *nat'ral Talent*
Of *Passive Courage*, were so Gallant,
As you strain hard, to have it thought,
I could grow *Amorous*, and *dote*.

When *Hudibras* this language heard,
He prick'd up's ears, and strok'd his *Beard*:
Thought he, This is the *Luckie hour*,
Wines work, when *Vines* are in the flour;
This *Crisis* then I'll set my rest on,
And put her boldly to the *Question*.

Madam, What you would seem to doubt,
Shall be to all the world made out,

How

How I've been *Drub'd*, and with what *Spirit*,
And *Magnanimity*, I bear it.
And if you doubt it to be true,
I'll stake my *self* down against *you* :
And if I say in *Love*, or *Troth*,
Be you the *Winner*, and take both.

Quoth she, I've heard old cunning *Stagers*
Say, Fools for *Arguments* use wagers.
And though I prays'd your *Valour*, yet
I did not mean to baulk your *Wit*;
Which if you have, you must needs know
What, I have told you before now,
And you b'experiment have prov'd,
I cannot *Love* where I'm *belov'd*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, 'tis a *Caprich*
Beyond th' infliction of a *Witch*,
So Cheats, to play with those still aime
That do not understand the Game.
Love in your heart as idely burns,
As fire in antique *Roman-Urns*,
To warm the *Dead*, and vainly light,
Those only, that see nothing by't.
Have you not power to *entertain*,
And render *love* for *love* again?
As *no man* can draw in his *breath*,
At once, and force out *air* beneath?

Or do you *love* your self so much,
 To bear all *Rivals* else a Grutch?
 What *Fate* can lay a greater Curse,
 Then you upon your self would force?
 For *Wedlock* without *love*, some say,
 Is but a *Lock* without a *Key*.
 It is a kind of *Rape* to marry
 One, that neglects or cares not for yee;
 For, what does make it *Ravishment*,
 But bring against the *Mind's Consent*?
 A *Rape*, that is the more inhumane,
 For being acted by a *Woman*.
 Why are you *fair*, but to entice us,
 To *love* you, that you may despise us?
 But though you cannot *love*, you say,
 Out of your own *Fanatique* way,
 Why should you not, at least, allow,
 Those that *love* you, to do so too?
 For, as you fly me, and pursue
Love more averse, so do you:
 And am by your own *Doctrine* taught,
 To practise what you call a *fault*.
 Quoth she, If what you say be true,
 You must fly me, as I do you,
 But 'tis not what we do, but say,
 In *Love*, and *Preaching*, that must sway.

Quoth

Quoth he, To bid me not to *love*,
 Is to forbid my *Pulse* to move,
 My *Beard* to grow, my *Ears* to prick-up,
 Or (when I'm in a fit) to hickup ;
 Command me to piss out the Moon,
 And 'twill as easily be done.
Love's powr's too great to be withstood,
 By feeble humane *flesh* and *blood*.
 'Twas he, that brought upon his knees
 The Heel'-ring Kill-Cow *Hercules* ;
 Transform'd his *Leager-Lions* skin
 T'a *Petticoat*, and made him spin :
 Seiz'd on his *Club*, and made it dwindle
 T'a feeble *Distaff*, and a *Spindle*.
 'Twas he made *Emperours* Gal ants
 To their own *Sisters*, and their *Aunts* ;
 Set *Popes*, and *Cardinals* agog,
 To play with *Pages*, at Leap-frog ;
 'Twas he, that gave our *Senate* purges,
 And fluxt the *House* of many a *Burgefs* ;
 Made those that represent the *Nation*
 Submit, and suffer *amputation* :
 And all the *Grandeets* o'th' *Cabal*
 Adjourn to *Tubs*, at *Spring* and *Fall*.
 He mounted *Synod-men* and rod'em
 To *Durty-lane*, and *little-Sodom* ;

Made 'em Corvet, like *Spanish* Jenets
 And take the Ring at Madam——
 'Twas he, that made Saint *Francis* do
 More, then the Dev'l could tempt him to;
 In cold and frosty weather, grow
 Inamour'd of a wife of *Snow*;
 And though she were of *rigid* temper,
 With melting *flames* accost, and tempt her:
 Which after in *enjoyment* quenching,
 He hung a *Garland* on his *Engine*.

Quoth she, If *Love* have these effects,
 Why is it not forbid our *Sex*?
 Why is't not damn'd, and interdicted,
 For *Diabolical*, and wicked?
 And sung, as out of tune, against,
 As *Turk* and *Pope* are by the Saints?
 I find, I've greater reason for it,
 Then I believ'd before, t'abhor it.

Quoth *Hudibras*, These sad effects
 Spring from your *Heathenish* neglects
 Of *Love's* great pow'r, which he returns
 Upon your selves, with equal scorns;
 And those who worthy *Lovers* slight,
 Plague's with prepost'rous Appetite;
 This made the beauteous *Queen* of *Crete*
 To take a *Town-Ball* for her Sweet;

And

And from her greatness stoop so low,
 To be the Rival of a Cow.
 Others to prostitute their great *hearts*,
 To be *Baboons*, and *Mankeys* sweet-hearts.
 Some with the Dev'l himself in league grow
 By's Representative a *Negro*.

'Twas this made *Vestal*-Maids love-sick
 And venture to be bury'd Quick;
 Some by their *Fathers*, and their *Brothers*,
 To be made *Mistresses*, and *Mothers*;
 'Tis this that Proudest *Dames* enamours
 On *Lacques*, and *Varlets des-Chambres*
 Their haughty *Stomachs* overcomes,
 And makes 'em stoop to *Durty-Grooms*;
 To slight the *World*, and to disparage
Claps, *Issue*, *Infamy*, and *Marriage*.

Quoth she, These Judgments are severe,
 Yet such, as I should rather bear,
 Then trust men with their *Oaths*, or prove
 Their *faith*, and *secresie* in love.

Says he, There is as weighty reason,
 For *secresie* in *Love* as *Treason*.

Love is a *Burglarer*, a *Felon*,
 That at the *Windore*-eye do's steal in
 To rob the *Heart*, and with his prey
 Steals out again a closer way,

Which whosoever can discover,
 He's sure (as he deserves) to suffer.
Love is a fire, that burns and sparckles,
 In *Men*, as nat'rally as in Char-coals,
 Which sooty *Chymists* stop in holes,
 When out of wood they extract Coles:
 So *Lovers* should their *Passions* choak,
 That though they burn, they may not smoak.
 'Tis like that sturdy *Thief*, that stole,
 And drag'd Beasts backwards, into's hole:
 So *Love* does *lovers*; and us men
 Draws by the Tayls into his Den,
 That no *impreſſion* may discover,
 And trace t' his *Cave*, the wary *Lover*.
 But if you doubt I should reveal
 What you entrust me under seal,
 I'll prove my self as close, and vertuous,
 As your own *Secretary, Albertus*.

Quoth she, I grant, you may be close
 In hiding what your aims propose:
Love-passions are like *Parables*,
 By which men still mean something else:
 Though *Love* be all the worlds pretence,
 Money's the *Mythologique* sence,
 The real substance of the shadow,
 Which all Address and Courtship's made to.
 Thought

Thought he, I understand your *Play*,
 And how to quit you your own way ;
 He that will win his *Dame*, must do,
 As *Love* do's, when he bends his *Bow* :
 With one hand thrust the *Lady* from,
 And with the other pull *her* home.
 Igrant, quoth he, *Wealth* is a great
 Provocative, to am'rous heat ;
 It is all *Philters*, and high Diet
 That makes *Love* Rampant, and to fly out :
 'Tis *Beauty* always in the flower,
 That buds, and blossoms at fourscore.
 'Tis that by which the *Sun*, and *Moon*,
 At their own weapons, are out-done ;
 That makes *Knights Errant* fall in trances,
 And lay about 'm in *Romances*.
 'Tis *virtue*, *wit*, and *worth*, and all
 That men *divine* and *sacred* call.
 For what is *worth* in any thing,
 But so much *money* as 'twill bring ?
 Or what but *Riches* is there known,
 Which man can solely call his own ;
 In which, no Creature goes his half,
 Unless it be to *squint* and *laugh* ?
 I do confess, with *good* and *land*,
 I'de have a wife, a second hand,

And

And such you are : Nor is't your Person,
 My stomach's set so *sharp*, and *fierce* on,
 But 'tis (your better part) your *Riches*,
 That my enamour'd heart bewitches ;
 Let me your *fortunes* but possess,
 And settle your person how you please,
 Or make it o're in *trust* to th' *Devil*,
 You'll find me *reasonable* and *civil*.

Quoth she, I like this plainness better,
 Then false *mock-passion*, *speech*, or *letter*,
 Or any feat of *qualm* or *swimming*,
 But *hanging* of your self, or *drowning* ;
 Your only way with me, to *break*
 Your mind, is *breaking* of your Neck :
 For as when *Merchants* break, orethrown
 Like *Nine-pins*, they strike others down ;
 So, that would break my *heart*, which done,
 My tempting *fortune* is your own.
 These are but trifles, ev'ry *Lover*
 Will damn himself, over and over,
 And greater matters undertake,
 For a less worthy *Mistress* sake ;
 Yet th'are the only ways to prove
 Th' unfeign'd *realities* of *Love* ;
 For he that hangs, or beats out's brains,
 The *Devil's* in him if he feigns.

Quoth

Quoth *Hudibras*, This way's too rough,
For meer *experiment*, and *proof*;
It is no jesting, trivial matter,
To swing in th' *Air*, or dounce in *Water*,
And like a *Water-witch*, try *love*,
That's to destroy and not to prove:
As if a man should be dissected,
To find what part is disaffected:
Your better way, is to make over
Intrust, your fortune to the *Lover*;
Trust is a *Tryal*, if it break,
'Tis not so desp'rate, as a *Neck*:
Beside, th' *experiment*'s more certain,
Men venture *necks* to gain a fortune;
This is the way I advise you to,
Trust me, and see what I will do.

Quoth she, I should be loath to run
My self all th' hazard, and you none,
Which must be done, unless some deed
Of yours, aforesaid do precede;
Give but your self one gentle *swing*,
For tryal, and I'll cut the *string*:
Or give that Reverend *Head*, a maull,
Or two, or three, against a wall;
To shew you are a man of mettle,
And I'll engage my self, to settle.

Quoth

Quoth he, my *Head's* not made of *brass*
 As Frier *Bacon's* noddle was :
 Nor (like the *Indians* skull) so tough,
 That, *Authors* say, 'twas *Musket-proof*,
 As it had need to be, to enter,
 As yet, on any new *Adventure* :
 You see what *bangs* it has endur'd,
 That would, before new *feats*, be cur'd :
 But if that's all you stand upon,
 Here, strike me *luck*, it shall be done.

Quoth she, The matter's not so far gone
 As you suppose, *Two words t' a Bargain*.
 That may be done, and time enough,
 When you have given down-right proof,
 And yet 'tis no *Fantastick* pike,
 I have to *love*, nor coy *dislike* ;
 'Tis no implicate, nice *Aversion*
 T' your *Conversation*, *Meine*, or *Person* :
 But a just fear lest you should prove
 False, and perfidious in *Love* ;
 For if I thought you could be *true*,
 I could *love* twice as much as you.

Quoth he, My faith as *Adamantine*
 As Chains of *Destiny*, I'll maintain ;
 True as *Apollo* ever spoke,
 Or *Oracle* from heart of *Oak*.

And

And if you'l give my *flame* but vent,
Now in close hugger-mugger pent,
And shine upon me but benignly,
With that one, and that other *Pigsney*.
The *Sun* and *Day* shall sooner part,
Then *love*, or you, shake off my heart.
The *Sun* that shall no more dispence
His own, but *your* bright influence ;
I'll carve your name on *Barks* of *Trees*,
With *True-loves-knots*, and *flourishes*,
That shall infuse eternal *spring*,
And ever-lasting flourishing :
Drink every letter on't, in *Stum* ;
And make it brisk *Champaign* become ;
Where-e're you tread, your foot shall set
The *Primrose* and the *Violet* ;
All *spices*, *perfumes*, and *sweet powders*,
Shall borrow from your breath their *Odors* ;
Nature her *Charter* shall renew,
And take all *lives* of things from you ;
The *World* depend upon your *Eye*,
And when you trown upon it, dye :
Onely our *loves* shall still survive,
New worlds and natures to out-live ;
And, like to *Heralds* *Moons*, remain
All *Crescents*, without *change* or *wane*.

Hold,

Hold, hold, Quoth she, no more of this,
Sir *Knight*, you take your aim amiss ;
For you will find it a hard *Chapter*,
To catch me with *Poetique Rapture*,
In which your *Mastery of Art*
Doth shew it self, and not your *Heart* :
Nor will you raise in mine *combustion*,
By dint of high *Heroique* fustion :
She that with *Poetry* is won,
Is but a *Desk* to write upon ;
And what men say of her, they mean,
No more, then on the thing they *lean*.
Some with *Arabian spices* strive
T'embalm her, cruelly alive ;
Or *season* her, as *French Cooks* use,
Their *Haut-gusts*, *Buckies*, or *Ragusts* ;
Use her so barbarously ill,
To grind her Lips upon a *Mill*,
Until the *Facet Doublet* doth
Fit their *Rhimes* rather then her mouth ;
Her mouth compar'd t'an *Oyster's*, with
A Row of *Pearl* in't, stead of *Teeth* :
Others, make *Possies* of her *Cheeks*,
Where *red*, and *whitest* colours mix ;
In which the *Lilly*, and the *Rose*
For *Indian Lake*, and *Ceruse*, goes:

The *Sun*, and *Moon* by her bright eyes,
Eclips'd, and darkned in the *Skies* ;
Are but *black-patches*, that she wears,
Cut into *Suns*, and *Moons*, and *Stars*.
Her voyce the *Musique* of the *Spheres*
So loud, it deafens mortal ears ;
As wise *Philosophers* have thought,
And that's the cause we hear it not.
This has been done by some, who those
Th' ador'd in *Rhime* would kick in *Prose* ;
And in those *Ribbins* would have hung,
Of which melodiously they sung.
That have the hard *fate*, to write best
Of those still, that deserve it least ;
It matters not how *false*, or *forc'd*.
So the *best* things be said o'th' *worst* ;
It goes for nothing when 'tis sed
Only the *Arrow's* drawn to th' head,
Whether it be a *Swan* or *Goose*
They level at : So *Shepherds* use
To set the same *mark* on the *hip*
Both of their *sound* and *rotten Sheep*.
For *Wits* that carry *low* or *wide*,
Must be aim'd *higher*, or *beside*,
The *mark*, which else they ne'r come *nigh*,
But when they take their aim *awry*.

But

But I do wonder you should chuse
 This way t' attack me with your *Muse*,
 As one cut out to pass your tricks on,
 With *Fulhams* of *Poetique fiction* :
 I rather hop'd, I should no more
 Hear from you, oth' *Gallanting* score :
 For, hard *dry-bastings* use to prove
 The readiest Remedies of *Love*,
 Next a *dry-diet* : But if those fail,
 Yet this uneasy Loop-hol'd *Fail*
 In which y' are hamper'd by the *fet-lock*,
 Cannot but put y' in mind of *wedlock* :
wedlock, that's worse then any hole here,
 If that may serve you for a *Cooler* ;
 T' allay your *Mettle*, all agog
 Upon a *Wife*, the heavy'r clog.
 Nor rather thank your gentler *Fate*,
 That, for a bruis'd or broken *Pate*,
 Has free'd you from those *knobs*, that grow
 Much harder, on the marry'd *Brow* :
 But if no dread can cool your *Courage*,
 From vent'ring on that *Dragon*, Marriage ;
 Yet give me *Quarter*, and advance
 To nobler Aymes, your *Puissance* :
 Level at *Beauty*, and at *Wit*,
 The fairest Mark is easiest hit.

Quoth

Quoth *Hudibras*, I'm before hand
 In that already, with your command :
 For where does *Beauty*, and high *Wit*,
 But in your *Constellation*, meet ?

Quoth she, What does a *Match* imply
 But *likeness* and *equality* ?

I know you cannot think me fit,
 To be the *Yoke-fellow* of your *Wit* :
 Nor take one of so mean *Deserts*,
 To be the *Partner* of your *Parts* ;
 A *Grace*, which if I could believe,
 I've not the *Conscience* to receive.

That *Conscience*, quoth *Hudibras*,
 Is misinform'd ; i'll state the *Case*.

A man may be a *Legal Doner*
 Of any thing, whereof he's *Owner* ;
 And may conferr it where he lists,
 I'th Judgment of all *Casuists* :
 Then, *Wit*, and *Parts*, and *Valour* may
 Be ali'nated, and made away,
 By those that are *Proprietors* ;
 As I may give, or sell my *Horse*.

Quoth she, I grant the *Case* is true,
 And proper 'twixt your *Horse* and you ;
 But whether I may *take*, as well
 As you may *give away*, or sell ?

C

Buyers

Buyers you know are bid beware ;
 And worse then Thieves *Receivers* are.
 How shall I answer *Hue and Cry*,
 For a *Roan-Guelding*, twelve hands high,
 All spur'd and switch'd, a *Lock* on's hoof,
 A *forrel-mane* ; can I bring proof, (for,
 Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold
 And in the open *Market* toll'd for ?
 Or should I take you for a stray ;
 You must be kept a year, and day,
 (E're I can own you) here i'th' *Pound*,
 Where if y' are sought you may be found :
 And in the mean time I must pay
 For all your *Provender* and *Hey*.

Quoth he, It stands me much upon,
 T' *enervate* this *Objection*,
 And prove my self, by *Topique* clear,
 No *Guelding* as you would infer.
 Loss of *Virility's* aver'd
 To be the cause of loss of *Beard*,
 That does (like *Embryo* in the *Womb*)
 Abortive on the *Chin* become.
 This first a *Woman* did invent,
 In envy of *Mans* ornament,
Semiramis of *Babylon*,
 Who first of all cut men 'oth' *Stone* :

To marr their *Beards*, and lay'd foundation
Of *Sow-geldering* operation.

Look on this *Beard*, and tell me whether,
Eunuchs wear such, or *Gneldings* either.

Next it appears, I am no *Horse*,
That I can argue, and discourse,
Have but two *legs*, and ne're a *tayl*.

Quoth she, That nothing will awayl ;
For some *Philosophers* of late here,
Write, Men have fower legs by *Nature*,
And that 'tis *Custom* makes them go
Erroneously upon but two ;
As'twas in *Germany* made good,
B' a Boy, that lost himself in a *Wood* ;
And growing down t'a man, was wont
With *Wolves* upon all four to hunt.
As for your reasons drawn from *tayls*,
We cannot say, th'are true, or false,
Till you explain your self, and show
B' experiment, 'tis so or no.

Quoth he, If you'l joyn *Issue* on't,
I'll give you satisfactory account ;
So you will promise, if you loose,
To settle all, and be my *Sponse*.

That never shall be done (Quoth she)
To one that wants a *Tayl*, by me :

For *Tayls* by Nature sure were meant
 As well as *Beards*, for ornament :
 And though the *Vulgar* count them homely,
 In *man* or *beast*, they are so comely,
 So *Gentee*, *Alamode*, and handsome,
 I'll never marry *man* that wants one :
 And till you can demonstrate plain,
 You have one equal to you *Mane*,
 I'll be torn piece-meal by a *Horse*,
 Ere I'll take you for *better* or *worse*.
 The *Prince* of *Cambays* dayly food,
 Is *Aspe*, and *Basilisk*, and *Toad*,
 Which makes him have so strong a breath,
 Each night he stinks a *Queen* to death ;
 Yet I shall rather ly'n his *Arms*
 Then yours, on any other *tearms*.

Quoth he, What *Nature* can afford,
 I shall produce upon my word,
 And if she ever gave that *boon*
 To man, I'll prove that I have one ;
 I mean, by *postulate Illation*,
 When you shall offer just occasion ;
 But since y' have yet deny'd to give
 My *Heart*, your *Pris'ner*, a Reprieve,
 But made it sink down to my heel,
 Let that at least your *Pity* feel,

And for the sufferings of your *Martyr*,
 Give it's poor entertainer *quarter* ;
 And by *Discharge*, or *Main-prise* grant
 Deliv'ry from this base *Restraint*.

Quoth she, I grieve to see your *Leg*
 Stuck in a hole here like a *Peg*,
 And if I knew which way to do't
 (Your *Honor* safe,) I'de let you out.
 That *Dames* by *Fail-deliverie*
 Of *Errant Knights* have been set free,
 When by *Enchantment* they have been,
 And sometimes for it too, lay'd in ;
 Is that which *Knights* are bound to do
 By *Order*, *Oath*, and *Honor* too :
 For what, are they *renown'd* and *famous* else
 But aiding of distressed *Damofels* ?
 But for a *Lady*, no ways *Errant*,
 To free a *Knight*, we have no warrant
 In any *Authenticall Romance*,
 Or *Classique Author* yet of *France* :
 And I'de be loath to have you break
 An *Ancient Custom* for a *freak*,
 Or *Innovation* introduce,
 In place of things of *antique* use ;
 To free your heels by any *Course*
 That might b' unwholsom to your *Spurs* :

Which if I should consent unto,
It is not in my power to do ;
For 'tis a service must be done yee,
With solemn previous Ceremonie.
Which always has been us'd t'untie
The *Charms* of those who here do lie ;
For as the *Ancients* heretofore
To *Honours Temple* had no dore,
But that which thorough *Virtues* lay ;
So from this *Dungeon*, there's no way
To honor'd freedom, but by passing
That other *Virtuous* School of *Lashing*;
Where *Knights* are kept in narrow lists,
With wooden *Lockets* 'bout their wrists,
In which they for a while are *Tenants*
And for their *Ladies* suffer *Penance* :
Whipping that's *Virtues* Governess,
Tutress of *Arts* and *Sciences* ;
That mends the gross mistakes of *Nature*,
And puts new life into dull matter ;
That lays foundation for *Renown*,
And all the *honors* of the *Gown* :
This suffer'd, they are set at large
And free'd with honourable discharge,
Then in their *Robes* the *Penitentials*,
Are streight presented with *Credentials*,

And

And in their way attended on
 By *Magistrates* of ev'ry Town;
 And all respect, and charges pay'd,
 They'r to their ancient *Seats* convey'd.
 Now if you'l venture for my sake,
 To try the toughness of your *back*,
 And suffer (as the rest have done)
 The laying of a *Whipping* on,
 (And may you prosper in your suit,
 As you with equal Vigour do't)
 I here engage my self to loose yee,
 And free your *heels* from *Caperdewsie*.
 But since our *Sexe's* modesty
 Will not allow I should be by,
 Bring me on *Oath*, a fair account,
 And *honor* too, when you have don't;
 And i'l admit you to the place,
 You claim as *due* in my good grace.
 If *Matrimony*, and *Hanging*, go
 By *Dest'ny*, why not *Whipping* too?
 What med'cine else can cure the *fits*
 Of *Lovers*, when they lose their *Wits*?
Love is a *Boy*, by *Poets* styl'd,
 Then *Spare the Rod*, and *spill the Child*.
 A *Persian* Emp'rour whip'd his Grannum
 The Sea, his Mother *Venus* came on;

And hence some Rev'rend men approve
 Of *Rosemary* in making *Love*.
 As skilful *Coopers* hoop their *Tubs*,
 With *Lydian* and with *Phrygian* *Dubs*;
 Why may not *Whipping* have as good
 A *Grace*, perform'd in time and mood;
 With comely movement, and by *Art*,
 Rayse *Passion* in a *Ladies* heart?
 It is an easier way, to make
Love by, then that which many take.
 Who would not rather suffer *Whipping*,
 Then swallow *Toasts* of bits of *Ribbin*?
 Make wicked *Verses*, *Treats*, and *Faces*,
 And spell names over, with *Beer-glasses*?
 Be under *Vows* to *hang* and *die*
Loves *Sacrifice*, and all a *lie*?
 With *China-Orenges*, and *Tarts*,
 And whining *Plays*, lay baits for *Hearts*?
 Bribe *Chamber-maids* with *love* and *mency*,
 To break no *Roguish* *feasts* upon yee?
 For *Lillyes* limn'd on *Cheeks*, and *Roses*,
 With painted perfumes, hazard noses?
 Or vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,
 Do penance in a *Paper-lanthorn*?
 All this you may compound for, now
 By suffering what I offer you:

Which

Which is no more then has been done,
By *Knights* for *Ladies* long ago :
Did not the Great *La Mancha* do so
For the *Infanta Del Taboso* ?
Did not th' illustrious *Bassa* make
Himself a *Slave* for *Misse's* sake ?
And with *Buls-pizzle*, for her love
Was taw'd as gentle as a *Glove* ?
Was not Young *Florio* sent (to cool
His flame for *Biancafiore*) to School,
Where *Pedant* made his *Pathick Bum*
For her sake suffer *Martyrdom* ?
Did not a certain *Lady* whip,
Of late, her husband's own Lordship ?
And though a *Grandee* of the *House*,
Claw'd him with *Legislative* blows,
Ty'd him stark-naked to a *Bed-post*
And fir'd his *Hide*, as if sh' had rid post ;
And after in the *Sessions-Court*
Where *Whipping's* Judg'd, had *Honor* for't ?
This *swear* you will perform, and then
I'll set you from th' enchanted *Den*,
And the *Magician* Circle clear.
Quoth he, I do *profess* and *swear*,
And will perform what you enjoyn,
Or may I never see you *mine*.

Amen

Amen (quoth she:) Then turn'd about
And bid her *Squier* let him out.
But e're an *Artist* could be found
T'undo the *Charms* another bound,
The *Sun* grew low, and left the Skies,
Put down (some write) by *Ladies* eyes.
The *Moon* pul'd off her Vail of Light,
That hides her Face by day from sight,
(Mysterious Vail, of brightness made,
That's both her luster, and her shade)
And in the *Lanthorn* of the Night
With shining *Horns*, hung out her light:
The twinkling *Stars* began to muster,
And glitter with their borrow'd luster,
While Sleep the weary'd *World* reliev'd,
By counterfeiting *Death* reviv'd.
Our *Vot'ry* thought it best t' adjorn
His *Whipping*-penance till the morn,
And not to carry on a *Work*
Of such *importance* in the Dark
With erring haste, but rather stay,
And do't in th' open face of *Day*;
And in the mean time, go in quest
Of next *Retreat* to take his Rest.

CANTO II.

THE A R G U M E N T.

*The Knight and Squire in hot Dispute,
Within an Ace of falling out,
Are parted with a sudden fright
Of strange Alarm, and stranger sight ;
With which adventuring to stickle,
They'r sent away in nasty pickle.*

CANTO II.



Is strange how some mens Tem-
pers suit

(Like *Baud*, and *Brandee*) with
Dispute,

That for their own opinions stand
fast,

Onely to have 'em claw'd and canvaſt.

That

That keep their *Consciences* in Cases,
As *Fidlers* do their *Crowds* and *Bases*.
Ne'r to be us'd but when they'r bent
To play a Fit for *Argument*.
Make *True* and *False*, *Unjust* and *Just*,
Of no use but to be discusst.
Dispute and set a *Paradox*,
Like a streight Boot upon the Stocks,
And stretch it more unmercifully
Then *Helmont*, *Mountaign*, *White*, or *Tully*.
So th' Ancient *Stoicks*, in their Porch,
With fierce dispute maintain'd their *Church*.
Beat out their Brains in fight and study,
To prove, that *Virtue* is a *Body*;
That *Bonum* is an *Animal*,
Made good with stout *Polemique* Braul,
In which, some Hundreds on the Place
Were slain outright, and many a face
Retrencht of *Nose*, and *Eys*, and *Beard*,
To maintain what their *Seet* averr'd,
All which, the *Knight* and *Squire* in wrath
Had like t'have suffer'd for their faith;
Each striving to make good his own,
As by the *Sequel* shall be shown.
The Sun had long since in the Lap
Of *Thetis*, taken out his *Nap*,

And,

And, like a *Lobster* boyl'd, the *Morn*
From *black* to *red* began to turn.

When *Hudibras*, whom thoughts and aking,
'Twixt sleeping kept, all night, and waking,
Began to rub his drowsie eyes,
And from his Couch prepar'd to rise;
Resolving to dispatch the Deed
He vow'd to do, with trusty speed.
But first with knocking loud and bauling,
He rowz'd the *Squire*, in *Truckle* lolling,
And, after many Circumstances,
Which vulgar *Authors* in *Romances*
Do use to spend their *time*, and *wits* on,
To make impertinent Description,
They got (with much ado) to *horse*,
And to the *Castle* bent their Course;
In which, he to the *Dame* before
To suffer *whipping*-duty swore:
Where now arriv'd, and half unharnest,
To carry on the *work* in earnest,
He stop'd and paws'd upon the sudden,
And with a serious forehead plodding,
Sprung a new Scruple in his head;
He scratch'd it first, and after sed,
Whether it be direct *infringing*
An *Oath*, if I should wave this *swinging*;

And

And what I've sworn to bear, forbear ;
 And so b' *equivocation* swear :
 Or whether 't be a lesser *Sin*
 To be forsworn then act the thing,
 Are deep and subtle *points*, which must
 T' inform my conscience be discusst.
 In which to *err* a tittle, may
 To *errors* infinite make way :
 And therefore I desire to know
 Thy *Judgment* e're we further go.

Quoth *Ralpho*, Since you do injoyn't
 I shall inlarge upon the *Point*;
 And for my own part do not doubt,
 The *Affirmative* may, be made out.
 But first to *state* the *Case* aright,
 For best advantage of our light ;
 And thus 'tis : Whether 't be a *Sin*
 To *Claw* and *Curry* your own *skin*
 Greater, or less, then to forbear,
 And that you are forsworn, forswear.
 But first, 'oth' first : The *Inward Man*,
 And *Outward*, like a *Clan*, and *Clan*,
 Have always been at Daggers-drawing,
 And one another Clapper-clawing :
 Not that they really cuff, or fence,
 But in a *Spiritual Mystique* fence ;

Which

Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble,
In literal fray, 's abominable.
'Tis heathenish, in frequent use
With *Pagans*, and *Apostate Jews*,
To offer sacrifice of *Bridewels*,
Like modern *Indians* to their *Idols* ;
And mungrel *Christians* of our times,
That expiate less, with greater *Crimes*,
And call the foul *Abomination*,
Contrition, and *Mortification*.
Is't not enough, w'are bruis'd, and kicked,
With sinful members of the wicked,
Our vessels, that are *sanctifi'd*,
Profan'd, and *Curry'd*, back and side ;
But we must claw our selves, with shameful,
And Heathen stripes, by their example ?
Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
Is *Impious*, because they did it.
This therefore may be justly reckon'd
A *heinous* sin. Now to the second :
That *Saints* may claim a *Dispensation*
To *swear* and *forswear*, on occasion ;
Idoubt not, but it will appear,
With pregnant light. The *point* is clear.
Oaths are but *words*, and *words* but *wind*,
Too feeble implements to *bind* ;

And

And hold with *deeds* proportion, so
 As *shadows* to a *substance* do.
 Then when they strive for *place*, 'tis fit
 The *weaker Vessel* should submit :
 Although your *Church* be opposite
 To ours, as *Black-Friers* are to *White*,
 In *Rule* and *Order* : Yet I grant
 You are a *Reformado Saint*,
 And what the *Saints* do claim as due,
 You may pretend a *Title* to :
 But *Saints* whom *Oaths* or *Vows* oblige,
 Know little of their *Priviledge* ;
 Further (I mean) then carrying on
 Some self-advantage of their own.
 For if the *Dev'l*, to serve his turn,
 Can tell *Truth* ; why the *Saints* should scorn
 VWhen it serves theirs, to *swear*, and *lye*,
 I think, there's little reason why :
 Else h' has a greater pow'r then they,
 VWhich 'twere *impiety* to say.
 VV' are not commanded to forbear,
 Indefinitely, at all to *swear* ;
 But to *swear* idly, and in vain,
 VWithout self-interest, or gain.
 For, breaking of an *Oath*, and *Lying*,
 Is but a kind of *Self-denying*,

A *Saint-like Virtue* ; and from hence ;
 Some have broke *Oaths*, by *Providence* : |
 Some, to the *Glory of the Lord*,
Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word.
 And this the constant *Rule* and *Practice*,
 Of all our late *Apostles Acts* is.
 Was not the *Cause* at first begun
 With *Perjury*, and carry'd on ?
 Was there an *Oath* The *Godly* took,
 But, in due time and place, they broke ?
 Did we not bring our *Oaths* in, first,
 Before our *Plate*, to have them burst,
 And cast in fitter *models*, for
 The present use of *Church* and *War* ?
 Did not our *Worthies* of the *House*,
 Before they broke the *Peace*, break *Vows* ?
 For having free'd us, first from both
 Th' *Allegiance*, and *Supremacy-Oath*,
 Did they not, next, compel the *Nation*,
 To take, and break the *Protestation* ?
 To *swear*, and after to *recant*
 The *Solemn League*, and *Covenant* ?
 To take th' *Engagement*, and disclaim it,
 Enforc'd by those, who first did frame it ?
 Did they not swear at first, to *fight*
 For the *K I N G's Safety*, and his *Right* ?

D

And

And after march'd to find him out,
And charg'd him home with *Horse* and *Foot*?
And yet still had the confidence,
To swear, it was in His *defence*?
Did they not swear to *live* and *dye*
With *Effex*, and streight laid him by,
If that were all; for some have *swore*
As false as they, if th' did no more?
Did they not swear to maintain *Law*,
In which, that *swearing* made a *Flaw*?
For *Protestant Religion* Vow,
That did that *Vowing* disallow?
For *Priviledge* of *Parliament*,
In which that *swearing* made a *Rent*?
And, since, of all the *three*, not one
Is left in being, 'tis well known.
Did they not swear, in exprefs words,
To prop and back the *House of Lords*?
And after turn'd out the whole *House-ful*
Of *Peers*, as dang'rous, and unuseful?
So *Crumwel* with deep *Oaths*, and *Vowes*,
Swore all the *Commons* out o' th' *House*;
Vow'd that the *Red-coats* would disband,
I marry would they, at their *Command*:
And trol'd 'em on, and *swore* and *swore*,
Till th' *Army* turn'd 'em out of *Dore*;

This tells us plainly, what they thought,
That *Oaths* and *Swearing* go for nought;
And that by them th' were onely meant,
To serve for an *Expedient*.

VVhat was the *Publick Faith* found out for;
But to slur men of what they fought for?
The *Publick Faith*, which ev'ry one
Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none;
And if that go for nothing, why
Should *Private faith* have such a tye?

Oaths were not purpos'd, more then *Law*,
To keep the *Good* and *Iust* in awe;
But to confine the *Bad* and *Sinful*,
Like *Moral Cattle* in a *Pinfold*.

A *Saint's* of th' heavenly Realm a *Peer*.

And as no *Peer* is bound to *swear*,

But on the *Gospel* of his *Honor*;

Of which he may dispose, as *Owner*:

It follows, though the thing be *forgery*

And false th' affirm, it is no *perjury*,

But a meer *Ceremony*, and a breach

Of nothing, but a form of speech;

And goes for no more when 'tis took,

But meer *saluting* of the *Book*.

Suppose the *Scriptures* are of force,

They'r but *Commissions* of Course,

And *Saints* have freedom to digress,
And vary from 'em, as they please;
Or mis-interpret them, by *private*
Instructions, to all *Aims* they drive at.
Then why should we our selves abridge,
And curtail our own *Priviledge*?
Quakers (that, like to *Lantborns*, bear
Their light within 'em) will not swear.
Their *Gospel* is an *Accidence*,
By which they construe *Conscience*;
And hold no *sin* so deeply red,
As that of breaking *Priscian's* head,
(The *Head* and *Founder* of their *Order*,
That stirring *Hats* held worse then murder)
These thinking th' are oblig'd to *Troth*
In *swearing*, will not take an *Oath*;
Like Mules, who if th' have not their will,
To keep their own pace, stand stock still;
But they are weak, and little know
What Free-born *Consciences* may do.
'Tis the *temptation* of the Devil,
That makes all humane actions evil:
For *Saints* may do the same things by
The *Spirit*, in *sincerity*,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the Devil's instance do;

And yet the *ACTIONS* be contrary,
 Just as the *Saints* and *Wicked* vary.
 For as on land there is no *Beast*,
 But in some *Fish* at *Sea's* express,
 So in the *Wicked* there's no *Vice*,
 Of which the *Saints* have not a spice;
 And yet that thing that's *pious* in
 The one, in th' other is a *sin*.
 Is't not *Ridiculous*, and *Nonsense*,
 A *Saint* should be a slave to *Conscience*?
 That ought to be above such *Fancies*,
 As far, as above *Ordinances*.
 She's of the *Wicked*, as I guess,
 B' her *looks*, her *language*, and her *dress*;
 And though, like *Constables*, we search
 For false *Wares*, one anothers *Church*:
 Yet all of us hold this for true,
 No *Faith* is to the *wicked* due;
 For *Truth* is *Pretious*, and *Divine*,
 Too rich a *Pearl* for *Carnal Swine*.
 Quoth *Hudibras*, All this is true,
 Yet 'tis not fit, that all men knew
 These *Mysteries*, and *Revelations*;
 And therefore *Topical* *Evasions*
 Of subtle *Turns*, and *Shifts* of sence,
 Serve best with th' *Wicked* for pretence,

Such as the learned *Jesuits* use,
And *Presbyterians*, for excuse,
Against the *Protestants*, when th' happen
To find their *Churches* taken napping.
As thus; A breach of *Oath* is *Duple*,
And either way admits a *Scraple*,
And may be, *ex parte* of the *Maker*,
More criminal, then th' injur'd *Taker*.
For he that strains too far a *Vow*,
Will break it like an o're-bent *Bow*:
And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it,
Not he that for convenience took it:
A broken *Oath* is, *quatenus Oath*,
As sound, t' all purposes of *Troath*;
As broken *Laws* are ne'r the worse,
Nay till th' are broken, have no force.
VWhat's *Justice* to a man, or *Laws*,
That never comes within their *Claws*?
They have no pow'r, but to admonish,
Cannot control, coerce, or punish,
Until they'r broken; and then touch
Those only that do make them such.
Beside, no *Engagement* is allow'd,
By men in *Prison* made, for Good;
For when th' are set at *liberty*,
Th' are from th' *Engagement* too, set free:

The *Rabbins* write, when any *Jew*
 Did make to *God*, or *Man*, a *Vow*,
 VVhich afterward he found untoward,
 And stubborn to be kept, or too hard;
 Any three other *Jews* o' th' *Nation*,
 Might free him from the *Obligation*:
 And have not two *Saints* pow'r to use,
 A greater *Priviledge* then three *Jews*?
 The *Court* of *Conscience*, which in *Man*
 Should be *supream* and *soveraign*;
 Is't fit, should be *subordinate*,
 To ev'ry petty *Court* i' th' *state*,
 And have less *Power* then the *lesser*,
 To deal with *Perjury* at pleasure?
 Have its proceedings disallow'd, or
 Allow'd, at fancy of *Py-powder*?
 Tell all it does, or does not know,
 For swearing *ex Officio*?
 Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,
 And *Pigs* un-ring'd at *Vis. Franc. Pledge*;
 Discover *Thieves*, and *Bawds*, *Recusants*,
Priests, *Witches*, *Eves-droppers*, and *Nusance*;
 Tell who did play at *Games* unlawful,
 And who fill'd *Pots* of *Ale* but half-ful.
 And have no pow'r at all, nor shift,
 To help it self at a dead list?

Why should not *Conscience* have *Vacation*
 As well as other Courts o' th' Nation ?
 Have equal power to adjourn,
 Appoint *Appearance* and *Retorn* ?
 And make as nice distinctions serve
 To split a Case, as those that carve
 Invoking Cookolds names, hit joynts,
 Why should not tricks as slight, do points ?
 Is not th' *High-Court of Justice* sworn
 To judge that Law, that serves their *turn* ?
 Make their own Jealousies High-Treason,
 And fix 'em whomsoe're they please on ?
 Cannot the *Learned Councel* there
 Make Laws in any shape appear ?
 Mould 'em, as *Witches* do their clay,
 VVhen they make *Pictures* to destroy ?
 And vex 'em into any form,
 That fits their purpose to do harm ?
 Rack 'em until they do confess,
 Impeach of Treason, whom they please,
 And most perfidiously condemn,
 Those that engag'd their *Lives* for them ?
 And yet do nothing in their own sense,
 But what they ought by *Oath* and *Conscience* ;
 Can they not juggle, and, with slight
 Conveyance, play with *wrong* and *right* ;

And

And sell their blasts of *wind* as dear,
As *Lapland Witches* bottled *Air* ?
Will not *Fear*, *Favour*, *Bribe*, and *Grutch*,
The same Case sev'ral ways adjudge ;
As Seamen, with the self-same *Gale*
Will sev'ral different Courses sayl ?
As when the *Sea* breaks o're its bounds,
And overflows the level grounds ;
Those *Banks* and *Dams*, that like a *Screen*,
Did keep it out, now keep it in :
So when *Tyrannical Usurpation*
Invades the Freedom of a *Nation*,
The *Laws* o'th' Land that were entended
To keep it out, are made defend it.
Do's not in *Chanc'ry* ev'ry man swear,
What makes best for him, in his Answer ?
Is not the winding-up *Witnesses*,
And nicking, more then half the bus'ness ?
For *Witnesses*, like *Watches*, go
Just as they'r set, too fast or slow.
And where in *Conscience*, th'are streit-lac'd,
'Tis ten to one, that side is cast.
Do not your *Juries* give their *Verdict*
As if they felt the *Cause*, not heard it ?
And as they please make *Matter of Fact*
Run all on one side, as th'are pack't ?

Nature

Nature has made Mans breast no *Windores*,
 To publish what he does within dores;
 Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,
 Unless his own rash folly blab it.
 If *Oaths* can do a man no good,
 In his own bus'ness, why they shou'd
 In other matters, do him hurt,
 I think there's little reason for't.
 He that imposes an *Oath*, makes it,
 Not he, that for convenience takes it:
 Then how can any man be said,
 To break an *Oath* he never made?
 These *Reasons* may perhaps look odly
 To th' *Wicked*, though they evince the *Godly*;
 But if they will not serve to clear
 My *Honor*, I am ne'r the near.
Honor is like that glassy Bubble
 That finds *Philosophers* such trouble;
 Whose least part crackt, the whole does fly,
 And *Wits* are crack'd, to find out why.
 Quoth *Ralpho*, Honor's but a Word,
 To swear by only, in a *Lord*:
 In other men 'tis but a Huff,
 To vapour with, instead of proof,
 That like a *Wen*, looks big, and swells,
 Is senseless, and just nothing else.

Let

Let it (quoth he) be what it will,
It has the *World's* opinion still.
But as men are not *Wise* that run
The slightest *hazard*, they may shun :
There may a *Mediump* be found out
To clear to all the *World* the doubt ;
And that is, if a man may do't
By *Proxy* whipt, or substitute.

Though nice, and dark the *Point* appear,
(Quoth *Ralph*) it may hold up, and clear.
That *Sinners* may supply the place
Of suff'ring *Saints*, is a plain *Case*.
Justice gives *Sentence*, many times,
On one man for another's *Crimes*,
Our Brethren of *New-England* use
Choice *Malefactors* to excuse,
And hang the *Guiltless* in their stead,
Of whom the *Churches* have less need.
As lately 't happen'd : In a Town,
There liv'd a *Cobler*, and but one,
That out of *Doctrine* could cut *Use*,
And mend mens *lives*, as well as *shoes*.
This pretious *Brother* having slain,
In times of *Peace*, an *Indian*,
(Not out of *Malice* but meer *Zeal*
Because he was an *Infidel*)

The

The mighty *Tottipotymoy*
 Sent to our *Elders* an *Envoy*,
 Complaining sorely of the *Breach*
 Of *League*, held forth by Brother *Patch*,
 Against the *Articles* in force
 Between both *Churches*, his, and ours,
 For which he crav'd the *Saints*, to render
 Into his hands, or hang th' *Offender* :
 But they maturely having weigh'd,
 They had no more but him o' th' *Trade*,
 (A man, that serv'd them in a double
 Capacity, to *Teach*, and *Cobble*)
 Resolv'd to spare him, yet to do
 The *Indian Hoghgan Moghgan* too
 Impartial justice ; in his stead did
 Hang an old *Weaver* that was Bed-rid.
 Then wherefore may not you be skip'd,
 And in your room another whip'd ?
 For all *Philosophers*, but the *Sceptick*,
 Hold *Whipping* may be *Sympathetick*.

It is enough, quoth *Hudibras*,
 Thou hast resolv'd, and clear'd the *Case*,
 And canst, in *Conscience*, not refuse,
 From thy own *Doctrine*, to raise *Use* :
 I know thou wilt not (for my sake)
 Be tender-*Conscienc'd* of thy back :

Then

Then strip thee of thy Carnall *Jerkin*,
And give thy *outward-fellow* a ferking.
For when thy *Vessel* is new *hoop'd*,
All Leaks of *sinning* will be stop'd.

Quoth *Ralpho*, You mistake the matter,
For, in all *Scruples* of this Nature,
No man includes himself, nor turns
The *Point* upon his own Concerns.
As no man of his own self catches,
The *Itch*, or amorous *French-aches* :
So no man does himself convince
By his own *Doctrine* of his *Sins*.
And though all cry down *Self*, none means
His own self in a *literal sense*.
Beside, it is not only *Foppish*,
But *Vile*, *Idolatrous*, and *Popish*,
For one man, out of his own Skin,
To firke and whip another's *Sin* :
As *Pedants* out of School-boys breeches
Do claw and curry their own Itches,
But in this Case it is profane,
And sinful too, because in Vain :
For we must take our *Oaths* upon it,
You did the *deed*, when I have done it.

Quoth *Hudibras*, That's answer'd soon ;
Give us the *whip*, wee'l lay it on.

Quoth

Quoth *Ralpho*, That we may swear true,
 'Twere properer that I whip'd you :
 For when with your consent 'tis done,
 The *Act* is really your own.

Quoth *Hudibras*, It is in vain
 (I see) to argue against the grain;
 Or, like the *Stars*, encline men to
 What they'r averse themselves to do.
 For when *Disputes* are wearied out,
 'Tis *Interest* still resolves the doubt ;
 But since no reason can confute yee,
 I'll try to force you to your *Dutie* ;
 For so it is, how e're ye mince it,
 As e're we part, I shall evince it ;
 And *curry* (if you stand out,) whether
 You will, or no, your *stubborn Leather*.
 Canst thou refuse to bear thy part,
 I'th' publick *Work*, base as thou art ?
 To higgle thus, for a few blows,
 To gain thy *Knight* an opulent *Sponse* ?
 Whose *wealth*, his *Bowels* yearn to purchase
 Meerly for th' Interest of the *Churches*,
 And when he has it in his Claws,
 Will not be hide-bound to the *Cause* ;
 Nor shalt thou find him a *Carmudgin*,
 If thou dispatch it without grudging ;

CANTO II. 63

If not, resolve before we go,
That you and I must pull a Crow.

Y'had best (quoth *Ralpho*) as the *Ancients*
Say wisely, have a care 'th' main chance,
And look before you, e're you leap;
For, as you sow, y' are like to reap.
And were y' as good as *George a Green*,
I shall make bold to turn agen;
Nor am I doubtful of the *Issue*
In a just *Quarrel*; and mine is so.
Is't fitting for a man of *Honor*
To whip the *Saints* like *Bishop Bonner*?
A *Knight* t' usurp the *Beadles* office,
For which y' are like to raise brave *Trophees*:
But I advise you (not for fear,
But for your own sake) to forbear,
And for the *Charches*, which may chance
From hence, to spring a variance;
And raise among themselves new *Scruples*,
Whom common *Danger* hardly couples.
Remember how in *Arms* and *Politicks*,
We still have worited all your holy Tricks,
Trapan'd your Party with *Intregue*,
And took your *Grandeers* down a peg.
New-moddell'd the *Army*, and *Cashier'd*
All that to *Legion-SMEC*. adher'd,

Made

Made a meer Utensil o' your *Church*,
 And after left it in the lurch.
 A Scaffold to build up our own,
 And when w' had done with't, puld it down.
 Capoch'd your *Rabbins* of the *Synod*,
 And snap'd their *Canons* with a *Why-not*.
 (Grave *Synod-men* that were rever'd
 For solid *Face* and depth of *Beard*)
 Their *Classique-model* prov'd a Maggot,
 Their *Directory* an *Indian Pagod*.
 And drown'd their *Discipline* like a Kitten;
 On which th' had been so long a sitting;
 Decry'd it as a *Holy Cheat*,
 Grown out of Date, and Obsolete,
 And all the *Saints* o' the first Grass,
 As Castling *Foles* of *Balams Afs*.

At this the *Knight* grew high in Chafe,
 And staring furiously on *Raph*,
 Have I (quoth he) been ta'ne in fight,
 And, for so many *Moons*, lay'n by't ?
 And when all other means did fail,
 Have been exchang'd for *Tubs* of *Ale* :
 Not but they thought me worth a *Ransome*;
 Much more considerable, and handsome,
 But for their own sakes, and for fear,
 They were not safe, when I was there ?

NOW

Now to be baffled by a *Scoundrel*,
An upstart *Seefry* and a *Mungrel*,
Such as breed out of peccant humours,
Of our own *Church*, like Wens or Tumours:
And like a *Maggot* in a *Sore*,
Would that which gave it life, devour.
It never shall be done, nor said:
With that he seiz'd upon his *Blade*.
And *Ralpho* too as quick, and bold,
Upon his *Basket-hilt* laid hold,
With equal readiness prepar'd,
To draw and stand upon his *Guard*.
When both were parted, on the sudden,
With hideous *Clamour*, and a lowd one,
As if all sorts of *Noyse* had been
Contracted into one lowd *Din*;
Or that some Member to be chosen,
Had got the odds above a *Thousand*;
And by the greatness of his noyse
Prov'd fittest for his *Countries* choice,
This strange surprisal put the *Knight*,
And wrathful *Squire*, into a fright,
And though they stood prepar'd, with fatal,
Impetuous rancour, to joyn *Battel*;
Both thought it was their wisest course,
To wave the Fight, and mount to *Horse*;

E

And

And to secure, by swift retreating,
 Themselves from danger of worse *Beating*.
 Yet neither of them would disparage,
 By utt'ring of his minde, his Courage;
 Which made 'em stoutly keep their ground,
 With horror and disdain, wind-bound.
 And now the cause of all their *fear*,
 By slow degrees approach'd so near,
 They might discern respective noyse
 Of *Horns*, and *Pans*, and *Dogs*, and *Boyes*;
 And *Kettle-Drums*, whose fullen *Dub*
 Sounds like the hooping of a *Tub*:
 But when the sight appear'd in view,
 They found it was an *antique* Shew,
 A *Triumph*, that for *Pomp*, and *State*
 Did proudest *Romans* emulate.
 For as the *Aldermen* of *Rome*
 For foes at training overcome,
 (And not enlarging *Territory*,
 As some mistaken write in *Story*)
 Being mounted in their best Array,
 Upon a *Carre*, and who but they?
 And follow'd with a world of *Tall-Lads*,
 That merry *Ditties* trol'd, and *Ballads*;
 Did ride, with many a *Good morrow*,
 Crying, *Hey for our town*, through the *Borough*.

So when this *Triumph* drew so nigh,
 They might particulars descry,
 They never saw two things so pat,
 In all respects, as this, and that.
 First, He that led the *Cavalcate*,
 Wore a Sowgelder's *Flagellate*,
 On which he blew as strong a *Levet*,
 As well-fee'd *Lawyer* on his *Breviate*;
 Next, *Pans*, and *Kettles* of all keys,
 From *Trebles* down to *double-Bass*;
 And after them upon a *Nag*,
 That might pass for a forehead Stag,
 A *Cornet* rod; and, on his Staff,
 A Smock display'd, did proudly wave.
 Then *Bag-pipes* of the lowdest Drones,
 With snuffling broken winded tones;
 Whose blasts of air in pockets shut,
 Sound filthier then from the Gut,
 And make a viler noyse then *Swine*
 In windy weather, when they whine.
 Next, one upon a pair of *Panniers*
 Full fraught with that, which for good manners
 Shall here be nameless, mixt with *Grains*
 Which he dispenc'd among the *Swains*,
 And busily upon the Crowd,
 At random round about bestow'd.

Then mounted on a Horned Horse,
One bore a *Gauntlet* and *Guilt-spurs*,
Ty'd to the *Pommel* of a long *Sword*,
He held reverst the point turn'd downward.
Next, after on a Raw-bon'd Steed,
The Conqueror's *Standard-bearer* rid,
And bore aloft before the *Champion*
A *Petticoat* displaid, and Rampant;
Near whom the *Amazon* triumphant
Bestrid her *Beast*, and on the *Rump* on't
Sate *Face* to *Tayl*, and *Bum* to *Bum*,
The *Warrier* whilome overcome;
Arm'd with a *Spindle* and a *Distaff*,
Which as he rod, she made him twist off;
And when he loyter'd, o're her shoulder,
Chastiz'd the *Reformado* Souldier.
Before the *Dame*, and round about,
March'd *Whiffers*, and *Staffers* on foot,
With *Lacquies*, *Grooms*, *Valets*, and *Pages*,
In fit and proper equipages;
Of whom some *Torches* bore, some *Links*,
Before the Proud *Virago-Minx*,
That was both *Madam*, and a *Den*
Like *Nero's Sporns*, or *Pope Jone*;
And at fit Periods the whole Rout
Set up their throats, with clamorous shout.

The *Knight* transported, and the *Squire*
 Put up their Weapons, and their Ire,
 And *Hudibras*, who us'd to ponder
 On such Sights, with judicious wonder,
 Could hold no longer to impart
 His *Animadversions*, for his Heart.

Quoth he, In all my life till now
 I ne'r saw so profane a *Show*.
 It is a *Paganish* Invention,
 Which *Heathen* Writers often mention :
 And he that made it, had read *Goodwine*,
 Or *Ross*, or *Cælius Rodogine*,
 And has observ'd all fit *Decorums*,
 We find describ'd by old *Historians*.
 For as a *Roman Conqueror*,
 That put an end to forrain *War*,
 Ent'ring the *Town* in Triumph for it,
 Bore a Slave with him in his Charriot :
 So this insulting *Female Brave*,
 Carries behind her here, a *Slave*.
 And as the *Ancients* long ago,
 When they in field defi'd the foe,
 Hung out their *Mantles Della Guer* ;
 So her proud *Standard-bearer* here,
 Waves on his Spear, in dreadful manner,
 A *Tyrian-Petticoat* for a *Banner* :

Next Links, and Torches, heretofore
 Still born before the *Emperor* :
 And as in *Antique Triumphs*, Eggs
 Were born for mystical Intregues ;
 There's one in Truncheon, like a Ladle,
 That carries Eggs too, fresh or adle ;
 And still at random, as he goes,
 Among the Rabble-rout bestows.

Quoth *Ralpho*, You mistake the matter ;
 For, all th' *Antiquity* you smatter,
 Is but a *Riding*, us'd of Course,
 When the *Grey Mare's the better Horse*.
 When o're the Breechies greedy *Women*
 Fight, to extend their vast *Dominion*,
 And in the cause Impatient *Grizel*
 Has drub'd her Husband, with *Bulls pizzel*,
 And brought him under *Covert-Baron*,
 To turn her *Vassail*, with a *MurRAIN* ;
 When *Wives* their Sexes shift, like *Hares*,
 And ride their *Husbands*, like *Night-mares*,
 And they, in mortal *Battle* vanquish'd,
 Are of their *Charter* dis enfranchiz'd,
 And by the Right of *War* like *Gills*
 Condemn'd to *Distaff*, *Horns*, and *Wheels* ;
 For when Men by their *Wives* are Cow'd,
 Their *Horns* of course are understood.

Quoth

Quoth *Hudibras*, Thou still giv'st sentence
Impertinently, and against sense.

'Tis not the least disparagement,
To be defeated by th' Event ;
Nor, to be beaten by main force,
That does not make a *man* the worse,
Although his shoulders, with *batoon*,
Be claw'd and cudgel'd to some tune.

A *Taylers* Prentise has no hard
Measure, that's bang'd with a true yard :

But to turn *Tayl*, or run away,
And without blows give up the Day ;
Or to surrender e're the *Assault*,
That's no mans fortune, but his fault :
And renders men of *Honor* less,
Then all th' *Adversity* of Success.

And only unto such, this Shew
Of *Horns* and *Petticoats* is due.

There is a lesser *Profanation*,
Like that the *Romans* call'd *Ovation*,
For as *Ovation* was allow'd

For *Conquest*, purchas'd without bloud,
So men decree those lesser Shows,

For *Vict'ry* gotten without blows.

By dint of sharp hard words, which some
Give *Battle* with, and overcome ;

These mounted in a *Chair Curule*,
 Which *Moderns* call a *Cucking-stool*,
 March proudly to the River's side,
 And o're the *Waves* in *Triumph* ride.
 Like *Dukes of Venice*, who are sed
 The *Adriatique-Sea* to wed ;
 And have a *Gentler Wife*, then those,
 For whom the *State* decrees those Shows.
 But both are *Heathenish*, and come
 From th' Whores of *Babylon* and *Rome*,
 And by the *Saints* should be withstood,
 As *Antichristian* and *Lewd*.

And we, as such, should now contribute
 Our utmost *struglings* to prohibit.

This said, They both'advanc'd and rod,
 A *Dog-trot* through the bawling Crowd,
 T' attack the *Leader*, and still prest,
 Till they approach'd him *breast*, to *breast*.
 Then *Hudibras*, with face and hand,
 Made signs for *Silence* : which obtain'd,

What means (quoth he) this dev'l's *Procession*
 With men of *Orthodox* Profession ?

'Tis *Ethnick* and *Idolatrous*,

From *Heathenism* deriv'd to us.

Does not the Whore of *Babylon* ride
 Upon her *Horned-Beast* astride,

Like

Like this proud *Dame*, who either is
 A Type of her, or she of this ?
 Are things of Superstitious *function*,
 Fit to be us'd in *Gospel Sunshine* ?
 It is an *Antichristian Opera*,
 Much us'd in midnight-times of *Popery*,
 A running after self-Inventions
 Of wicked and profane *Intentions*,
 To scandalize that *Sex*, for scolding,
 To whom the *Saints* are so beholding,
Women, that were our first *Apostles*,
 Without whose aid w'had all been lost else ;
Women, that left no stone unturn'd,
 In which the *Cause* might be concern'd :
 Brought in their childrens *Spoons*, and *Whistles*,
 To purchase *Swords*, *Carbines*, and *Pistols* :
 Their *Husbands*, *Cullies*, and *Sweet-hearts*,
 To take the *Saints* and *Churches* Parts :
 Drew several gifted *Brethren* in,
 That for the *Bishops* would have been ;
 And fixt 'em constant to the *Party*,
 With motives *powerful*, and *heartly* :
 Their *Husbands* rob'd, and made hard shifts,
 T' administer unto their *Gifts*,
 All they could rap, and run, and pilfer,
 To scraps and ends of Gold and Silver ;

Rub'd

Rub'd down the *Teachers*, tyr'd and spent,
With holding forth for *Parliament* ;
Pamper'd and edifi'd their *Zeal*,
With *Marrow-puddings*, many a meal ;
Enabled them, with store of meat,
On controverted *Points* to eat.
And cram'd 'em till their *Guts* did ake
With *Candle*, *Custard*, and *Plum-cake*.
What have they done, or what left undone,
That might advance the *Cause* at *London* ?
March'd, rank and file, with *Drum* and *Ensign*,
To entrench the *City*, for defence in ;
Rais'd *Rampiers*, with their own soft hands,
To put the enemy to stands ;
From *Ladies* down to *Oyster-wenches*,
Labour'd like *Pioners* in *Trenches* ;
Faln to their *Pick-axes*, and *Tools*,
And help'd the men to dig like *Moles* ?
Have not the *Handmaids* of the *City*,
Chosen of their *Members* a *Committee* ?
For raising of a *Common-Purse*,
Out of their wages to raise *Horse* ?
And do not they as *Tryers* sit,
To judge what *Officers* are fit ?
Have they —— ? At that an *Egg*, let fly,
Hit him directly o're the eye, ;

And

And running down his Cheek, besmear'd
With Orenge-Tawny-slime, his *Beard*;
But *Beard*, and slime being of one Hue,
The *Wound* the less appear'd in view.
Then, he that on the *Panniers* rod,
Let fly on th' other side a load ;
And quickly charg'd again, gave fully
In *Ralpho's* face, another *Volley*.
The *Knight* was startled with the smell,
And for his *Sword* began to feel :
And *Ralpho* smother'd with the stink,
Grasp'd his ; when one that bore a *Link*,
O' th' sudden, clap'd his flaming Cudgel,
Like *linstock* to the Horse's *touch-hole* ;
And streight another with his *Flambeu*
Gave *Ralpho's*, o're the eyes, a damn'd blow.
The *Beasts* began to kick, and sling,
And forc'd the Rout to make a Ring.
Through which, they quickly broke their way,
And brought them off, from further fray ;
And though disorder'd in Retreat,
Each of them stoudly kept his seat :
For quitting both their *swords*, and *rains*,
They grasp'd with all their strength the *manes* ;
And to avoid the *Foe's* pursuit,
With sparring put their Cattle to't.

And

And till all four were out of wind,
And danger too, ne'r look'd behind.
After th' had paws'd awhile, supplying
Their *Spirits*, spent with fight and flying,
And *Hudibras* recruited force,
Of Lungs, for *Action*, or *Discourse*.

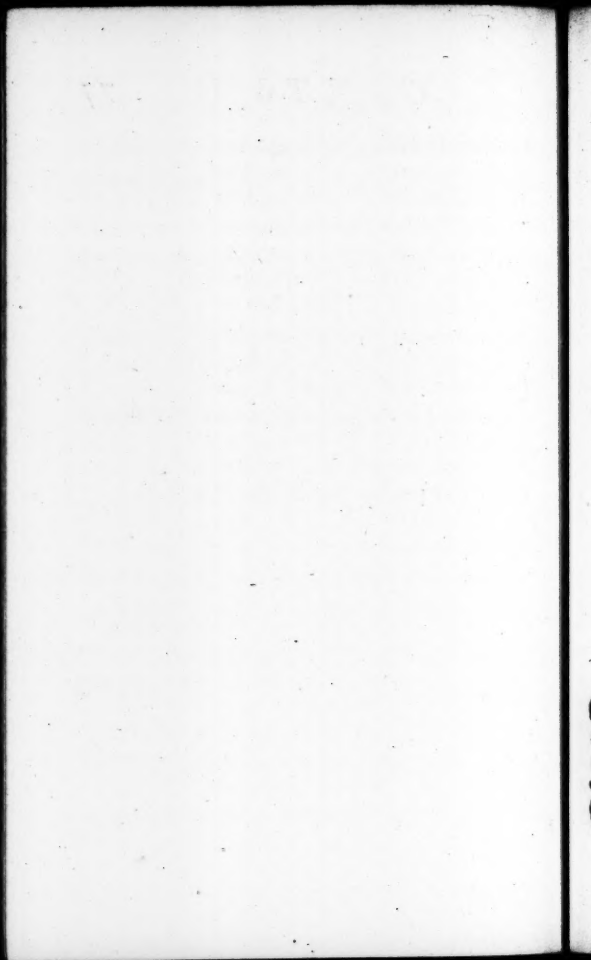
Quoth he, That man is sure to lose,
That fowl's his *hands* with durty foes :
For where no *honor*'s to be gain'd,
'Tis thrown away in b'ing maintain'd.
'Twas ill for us, we had to do
With so dishonourable a Foe :
For though the *Law* of *Arms* does bar
The use of venom'd shot in *War*,
Yet by the nauseous smell, and noysom,
Their *Casse-shot* savours strong of *Poyson* ;
And doubtless have been chew'd with teeth
Of some that had a *stinking breath* :
Else when we put it to the push,
They had not giv'n us such a brush.
But as those *Pultrons* that fling Durt,
Do but defile, but cannot hurt ;
So all the *Honor* they have won,
Or we have lost, is much at one.
'Twas well we made so resolute
A brave Retreat, t' avoyd Pursuit ;

For

CANTO II. 77

For if we had not, we had sped
 Much worse, to be in *Triumph* led;
 Than which the *Ancients* held no state
 Of Man's life more unfortunate.
 But if this bold *Adventure* e're
 Do chance to reach the *Widdows* ear,
 It may, b'ing destin'd to assert
 Her *Sexe's honour*, reach her Heart:
 And, as such homely treats (they say)
 Portend good *fortune*, so this may.
 Then let us streight, to cleanse our wounds,
 Advance in quest of nearest *Ponds*;
 And, after (as we first *design'd*)
 Swear, I've perform'd what she *enjoyn'd*.

CANTO



CANTO III.

THE
ARGUMENT.

*The Knight with various doubts possest
To win the Lady, goes in Quest
To Sidrophel the Rosy-crucian,
To know the Destinies resolution: (sick
With whom being met, they both chop Lo-
About the Science Astrologick;
Till falling from Dispute, to Fight
The Conjuror's worsted by the Knight.*

CANTO III.



Oubtlefs, The pleasure is as great,
Of being *cheated*, as to *cheat*.
As lookers-on feel most delight
That least perceive a *fugler's*
flight.

And

And still the less they understand,
The more th' admire his flight of hand.

Some with a noyse, and greasie light,
Are snapt, as men catch *Larks* by night;
Ensnar'd and hamper'd by the *Soul*,
As noozes by the *Legs* catch *Fowl*.

Some with a *Med'cine*, and *Recit*,
Are drawn to nibble at the *Bait*;
And though it be a two-foot *Trout*,
'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.

Others believe no *Voice* t' an *Organ*,
So sweet as *Lawyers* in his *Bar-gown*;
Until, with subtle Cobweb-Cheats,
Th' are catch'd in knotted *Law*, like *Nets*.
In which when once they are imbrangled,
The more they stir, the more th' are tangled;
And while their *Purses* can dispute,
There's no end of th' immortal Suit.

Others still gape t' anticipate
The Cabinet-designs of *Fate*,
Run after *Wizards* to foresee
What shall, and what shall never be;
And, as those *Vultors* do foreboad,
Believe events, prove *bad*, or *good*.
A flamm more senseless then the *Roguary*
Of old *Auspijy* and *Angury*.

That

That out of *Garbages* of *Cattle*,
 Presag'd th' events of *Truce*, or *Battle*,
 From flight of *Birds*, or *Chickens* pecking,
 Success of great'st *Attempts* would reckon;
 Though *cheats*, yet more intelligible,
 Then those that with the *Stars* do fribble.
 This *Hudibras* by proof, found true,
 As in due time, and place wee'l shew.

For He, with *Beard* and *Face* made clean,
 Being mounted on his *Steed* agen,
 (And *Ralpho* got a Cock-horse too
 Upon his *Beast*, with much adoe)
 Advanc'd on, for the *Widdows* House,
 T' acquit himself, and pay his *Vows* :
 When various *thoughts* began to bustle,
 And with his inward man to juggle.
 He thought what *danger* might accrue,
 If she should find he *swore* untrue :
 Or, if his *Squire*, or he should fail,
 And not be punctual in their *Tale* ;
 It might at once the ruine prove
 Both of his *Honour*, *Faith*, and *Love* :
 But if He should forbear to go,
 She might conclude h' had broke his *Vow* ;
 And that he durst not now for shame
 Appear in *Court* to try his *Claims*.

This was the Pen'worth of his *thought*,
To pass *time*, and uneasy *trot*.

Quoth he, In all my past-*Adventures*,
I ne'r was set so on the Tenters,
Or taken tardy with *Dilemma*
That, ev'ry way I turn, does hem me ;
And with inextricable doubt,
Besets my puzzel'd *Wits* about :
For though the *Dame* has been my *Bail*,
To free me from enchanted *fail* :
Yet as a *Dog*, committed close
For some offence, by chance breaks loose,
And quits his *Clog*, but all in vain,
He still draws after him his Chain.
So though my *Ancle* she has quitted,
My *Heart* continues still committed.
And like a *Bayl'd* and *Mainpriz'd* Lover,
Although at large, I am bound over.
And when I shall appear in *Court*,
To plead my *Cause*, and answer for't,
Unless the *Judge* do partial prove,
What will become of *Me* and *Love* ?
For, if in our accompt we vary,
Or but in *Circumstance* miscarry ;
Or if she put me to strict proof,
And make me pull my *Dab*let off,

CANTO III.

32

To shew by evident Record,
 Writ on my skin, I've kept my word ;
 How can I e're expect to have her,
 Having demur'd unto her favour ?
 But *Faith*, and *Love*, and *Honour* lost,
 Shall be reduc'd t' a *Knight oth' Post* :
 Beside, that *Stripping* may prevent
 What I'm to prove by *Argument* ;
 And justifie I have a *Tayl*,
 And that way too, my *proof* may sayl.
 O that I could enucleate,
 And solve the *Problems* of my *Fate* ;
 Or find by *Necromantick* art,
 How far the *Dest'nies* take my part ;
 For if I were not more then certain,
 To *win*, and *wear* her, and her *Fortune*,
 I'de go no further in this *Courtship*,
 To hazzard *Soul*, *Estate*, and *Worship*.
 For though an *Oath* obliges not,
 Where any *thing* is to be got,
 (As thou hast prov'd) yet 'tis *profane*,
 And *sinful*, when men *swear* in *Vain*.

Quoth *Ralph*, Not far from hence doth dwell
 A cunning man, hight *Sidrophel*,
 That deals in *Destinie's* dark *Connells*,
 And sage *Opinions* of the *Moon* sells ;

To

F 2

To

To whom all *People* far and near,
 On deep importances repair.
 When *Brass* and *Pewter* hap to stray,
 And *Linnen* slinks out of the way;
 When *Geese*, and *Pullen* are seduc'd,
 And *Sows* of sucking *Pigs* are chews'd;
 When *Cattle* feel Indisposition,
 And need th' opinion of *Physitian*;
 When *Murrain* reigns in *Hogs*, or *Sheep*,
 And *Chicken* languish of the *Pip*;
 When *Yeast*, and outward means do fail,
 And have no pow'r to work on *Ale*;
 When *Butter* does refuse to come,
 And *Love* proves *Cross* and *Humour* some:
 To him with *Questions*, and with *Urine*,
 They for discov'ry flock, or *Curing*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, This *Sidrophel*
 I've heard of, and should like it well,
 If thou canst prove, the *Saints* have freedom,
 To go to *Sorc'ers* when they need 'em.

Says *Ralpho*, There's no doubt of that:
 Those *Principles* I quoted late,
 Prove, that the *Godly* may alledge
 For any thing their *Priviledge*;
 And to the *Dev'l* himself may go,
 If they have *motives* thereunto.

For

For as there is a *War* between
 The *Dev'l* and *them*, it is no *Sin*,
 If they, by subtle *Stratagem*,
 Make use of *him*, as he does *them*.
 Has not this present *Parliament*
 A *Ledger* to the *Devil* sent,
 Fully impowr'd to treat about
 Finding revolted *Witches* out?
 And has not he within a year,
 Hang'd threescore of 'em in one *Shire*?
 Some, only for not being *drown'd*,
 And some, for sitting above ground,
 Whole *days* and *nights*, upon their breeches,
 And feeling pain, were hang'd for *Witches*.
 And some, for putting *Knavish* tricks
 Upon *Green-Geese*, and *Turkey-Chicks*,
 Or *Pigs*, that suddenly decealt,
 Of griefs unnatural, as he guest;
 Who after prov'd himself a *Witch*,
 And made a *Rod* for his own *Breech*.
 Did not the *Dev'l* appear to *Martin*
Luther in *Germany*, for certain;
 And would have gull'd him with a *Trick*,
 But *Mart.* was too too *Politick*?
 Did he not help the *Dutch* to purge,
 At *Antwerp*, their *Cathedral Church*?

Sing Catches to the *Saints* at *Mascon*,
 And tell them all they came to ask him?
 Appear in divers shapes to *Kelly*?
 And speak 'i th' *Nun* at *Londons Belly*?
 Meet with the *Parliament's Committee*
 At *Woodstock*, on a *Pers'nal Treaty*?
 At *Sarum* take a *Cavallier*
 'I th' *Cause's* service, *Prisoner*;
 As *Withers* in *Immortal Rime*
 Has register'd, to after-time?
 Do not our great *Reformers* use
 This *Sidrophel* to foreboad *News*?
 To write of *Victories* next year,
 And *Castles* taken yet in th' *Air*!
 Of *Battles* fought at *Sea*, and *Ships*
 Sunk, two years hence, the last *Eclipse*?
 A *Total Overthrow* giv'n the *King*,
 In *Cornwal*, *Horse* and *Foot*, next *Spring*?
 And has not he point-blank foretold
 Whats'ere the close *Committee* would?
 Made *Mars* and *Saturn* for the *Cause*,
 The *Moon* for fundamental *Laws*?
 The *Ram*, and *Bull*, and *Goat* declare
 Against the *Book of Common-Pray'r*?
 The *Scorpion* take the *Protestation*,
 And *Bear* engage for *Reformation*?

Made

Made all the *Royal Stars* recant,
Compound, and take the *Covenant*?

Quoth *Hudibras*, The Case is cleer,
The *Saints* may 'mploy a *Conjurer*;
As thou hast prov'd it by their *practice*,
No *Argument* like matter of fact is,
And we are best of all led to
Mens *Principles*, by what they do.
Then let us streit advance in quest
Of this Profound *Gymnosophist*:
And as the *Fates*, and *He* advise,
Pursue, or wave this *Enterprise*:
This said, he turn'd about his Steed,
And estsoons on th' adventure rid.
Where, leave we *Him* and *Ralph* awhile,
And to the *Conjurer* turn our stile:
To let our *Reader* understand
What's useful of him, before hand.

He had been long t'wards *Mathematicks*
Opticks, *Philosophy*, and *Statics*,
Magick, *Horoscopia*, *Astrologie*,
And was old Dog at *Physiologie*:
But, as a Dog, that turns the spit,
Bestirs himself, and plys his feet,
To clime the *wheel*; but all in vain,
His own weight brings him down again:

And still he's in the self-same place,
 Where at his setting out he was.
 So in the *Circle* of the *Arts*,
 Did he advance his nat'ral Parts;
 Till falling back still, for retreat,
 He fell to *Juggle*, *Cant*, and *Cheat*;
 For, as those *Fowls* that live in *Water*,
 Are never wet, he did but smatter;
 What ere he labour'd to appear,
 His Understanding still was clear.
 Yet none a deeper knowledg boasted,
 Since old *Hodg Bacon*, and *Bob Grosted*.
 Th' *Intelligible World* he knew,
 And all, men dream on't, to be true:
 That in this *World*, there's not a *Wart*,
 That has not there a Counter-part;
 Nor can there on the *face* of *Ground*,
 An Individual *Beard* be found,
 That has not, in that *Ferrain Nation*,
 A fellow of the self-same fashion;
 So *cut*, so *colour'd*, and so *curl'd*,
 As those are, in the *Inferior World*.
 H' had read *Dee's* Prefaces before
 The *Dev'l*, and *Euclide* o're and o're;
 And all th' *Intregues*, 'twixt him and *Kelly*,
Lessens and th' *Emperor*, would tell yee.

But

But with the *Moon* was more familiar
Then e're was *Almanack* well-willer.
Her Secrets understood so clear,
That some believ'd he had been there.
Knew when She was in fittest mood,
For cutting *Corns*, or letting *blood*,
When for anoynting *Scabs* or *Itches*:
Or to the *Bum* applying *Leeches*;
When *Sows*, and *Bitches* may be spade,
And in what Sign best *Sider's* made,
Whether the *Wane* be, or *Increase*,
Best to sett *Garlick*, or sow *Pease*;
Who first found out the *Man i'th' Moon*,
That to the *Ancients* was unknown;
How many *Dukes*, and *Earls*, and *Peers*,
Are in the *Planetary Spheres*:
Their *Aiery Empire* and Command,
Their sev'ral strengths by Sea and Land;
What factions th' have, and what they drive at
In publique Vogue, and what in private;
With what designs and Interests,
Each Party manages Contests.
He made an *Instrument* to know
If the *Moon* shine at full, or no,
That would as soon as e're she shon, shew
Whether 'twere Day or Night, demonstrate;
Tell

Tell what her *Diameter* t' an inch is,
 And prove she is not made of *Green Cheese*.
 It would demonstrate, that the *Man in*
The Moon's a *Sea Mediterranean*.
 And that it is no *Dog*, nor *Bitch*,
 That stands behind him at his breech;
 But a huge *Caspian Sea*, or *Lake*,
 With *Arms*, which men for *Legs* mistake.
 How large a *Gulph* his *Tayl* composes,
 And what a goodly *Bay* his *Nose* is;
 How many *German leagues* by' th' scale,
Cape-Snout's from *Promontory-Tayl*:
 He made a *Planetary Gin*
 Which *Rats* would run their own heads in,
 And come of purpose to be taken,
 Without th' expence of *Cheese* or *Bacon*;
 With *Lute-strings* he would counterfeit
Maggots, that crawl on dish of meat;
 Quote *Moles* and *Spots*, on any place
 'Oth' body, by the *Index-face*:
 Detect lost *Maidenheads*, by sneezing,
 Or breaking wind, of *Dames*, or pissing.
 Cure *Warts* and *Corns*, with application
 Of *Med'cines*, to th' *Imagination*.
 Fright *Agues* into *Dogs*, and scare
 With *Rimes*, the *Tooth-ach* and *Catarrh*.

Chafe

Chase evil *spirits* away by dint
 Of *Cickle*, *Hors-shoo*, *Hollow-flint* ;
 Spit fire out of a *Walnut-shell*,
 Which made the *Roman* Slaves rebel :
 And fire a Mine in *China*, here
 With Sympathetick *Gunpowder*.
 He knew whats'ever's to be known,
 But much more then he knew, would own.
 VVhat *Med'cine* 'twas that *Paracelsus*
 Could make a man with, as he tells us.
 VVhat figur'd *Slates* are best to make,
 On wat'ry surface, *Duck* or *Drake*.
 VVhat *Bowling-stones*, in running race
 Upon a *Board*, have swiftest pace.
 VVhether a *Pulse* beat in the black
 List of a Dappled *Loose's* back :
 If *Systole* or *Diastole* move
 Quickest, when he's in wrath, or love :
 VVhen two of them do run a race,
 VVhether they gallop, trot, or pace.
 How many scores a *Flea* will jump,
 Of his own length, from head to rump ;
 VVhich *Socrates*, and *Cherephon*
 In vain, assay'd so long ago ;
 VVhether his *Snout* a perfect *Nose* is,
 And not an Elephants *Proboscis* ;

How

How many different *Specieses*
 Of Maggots breed in Rotten Cheese,
 And which are next of kin to those,
 Engendred in a *Chaundler's* nose ;
 Of those not seen, but understood,
 That live in *Vineger* and *Wood*.

A paultrey Wretch he had, half-starv'd,
 That him in place of *Zany* serv'd ;
 Hight *Whachum*, bred to dash and draw,
 Not *wine*, but more unwholsom *Law* :
 To make 'twixt words and lines, huge gaps,
 Wide as *Meridians* in Maps ;
 To squander Paper, and spare Ink,
 Or cheat men of their words, some think ;
 From this, by merited degrees,
 He to more high Advancement rise,
 To be an Under-*Conjurer*,
 Or Journey-man *Astrologer* :
 His buis'ness was to pump and whedle,
 And men, with their own keys, unriddle.
 To make them to themselves give answers,
 For which they pay the *Necromancers*.
 To fetch and carry *Intelligence*,
 Of whom, and what, and where, and whence ;
 And all *Discoveries* disperse,
 Among th' whole pack of *Conjurers* ;

VVhat

VVhat, *Cat-purses* have left with them,
 For the right owners to redeem;
 And, what they dare not vent, find out,
 To gain Themselves, and th' *Art*, repute;
 Draw *Figures*, *Schemes*, and *Horoscopes*,
 Of *Newgate*, *Bridewell*, *Brokers Shops*;
 Of Thieves *ascendent* in the *Cart*,
 And find out all by rules of *Art*;
 VVhich way a Serving-man, that's run
 VVith Cloaths or Money away, is gone:
 VVho pick'd a *Fob*, at *Holding-forth*;
 And where a *Watch*, for half the worth
 May be redeem'd; or Stollen Plate
 Restor'd, at Conscionable rate.
 Beside all this, He serv'd his *Master*,
 In quality of *Poetaster*:
 And *Rimes* appropriate could make,
 To ev'ry month, in th' *Almanack*;
 VVhen *Terms* begin, and end, could tell,
 VVith their *Returns*, in *Doggerel*;
 VVhen the *Exchequer* opes and shuts,
 And *Sowgelder* with safety cuts.
 VVhen men may eat, and drink, their fill,
 And when be temp'rate, if they will.
 VVhen use, and when abstain from vice,
Figs, *Grapes*, *Phlebotomy*, and *Spice*.

And

And as in *Prisons*, mean Rogues beat
Hemp, for the service of the *Great* ;
 So *Whashum* beat his dirty brains,
 T' advance his Master's fame and gains ;
 And, like the Devil's *Oracles*,
 Put into *Dogrel-Rimes* his *Spells*,
 VVhich over ev'ry Month's blank-page
 In th' *Almanack*, strange *Bilks* presage.
 He would an *Elegie* compose
 On Maggots squeez'd out of his Nose ;
 In *Lyrick* numbers, write an *Ode* on
 His Mistress, eating a Black-pudden :
 And when imprison'd Ayr escap'd her,
 It put him with *Poetick Rapture* ;
 His *Sonnets* charm'd th' attentive Croud,
 By wide-mouth'd Mortal trol'd aloud,
 That, circled with his long-ear'd Guests,
 Like *Orpheus* look'd, among the Beasts,
 A *Carman's* Horse could not pass by,
 But stood ty'd up to *Poetry* ;
 No Porter's *Burthen* past along,
 But serv'd for *Burthen* to his Song.
 Each VVindore like a *Pill'ry* appears,
 VVith heads thrust through, nail'd by the ears ;
 All Trades run in, as to the fight
 Of Monsters, or their dear delight ,

The

The *Gallow-tree*, when cutting Purse,
Breeds buis'ness for *Heroick Verse*,
Which none does hear, but would have hung
T' have been the *Theme* of such a *Song*.
Those two together long had liv'd,
In *Mauson* prudently contriv'd;
Where neither Tree, nor House could bar
The free detection of a *Star*;
And nigh, an *Ancient Obelisk*
Was rais'd by him, found out by *Fisk*,
On which was written, not in words,
But *Hieroglyphick* Mute of *Birds*,
Many rare pithy *Saws* concerning
The worth of *Astrologick Learning*:
From top of this there hung a rope,
To which he fastned *Telescope*;
The *Spectacles*, with which the *Stars*
He reads in smallest *Characters*.
It hapned as a *Boy*, one night,
Did fly his *Tarsel* of a *Kite*,
The strangest long-wing'd *Hawk* that flies,
That like a *Bird of Paradise*,
Or *Herauld's Martlet*, has no legs,
Nor hatches young ones, nor lays *Eggs*;
His *Train* was six yards long, milk-white,
At th' end of which, there hung a *Light*.

Enclos'd

Enclos'd in *Lanthorn* made of *Paper*,
That far off like a *Star* did appear.
This, *Sidrophel* by chance esp'd,
And with Amazement staring wide,
Bless us, Quoth he ! What dreadful wonder
Is that, appears in *Heaven* yonder ?
A *Comet*, and without a *Beard* ?
Or *Star*, that ne'r before appear'd ?
I'm certain, 'tis not in the *Scroll*,
Of all those *Beasts*, and *Fish*, and *Fowl*,
With which, like *Indian Plantations*,
The Learned stock the *Constellations* ;
Nor those that drawn for *Signs* have bin,
To th' *Houses*, where the *Planets* Inn.
It must be supernatural,
Unless it be the *Cannon-Ball*,
That, shot in th' air, point-blank, upright,
Was born to that prodigious height,
That learn'd *Philosophers* maintain,
It ne'r came backwards, down again ;
But in the *Aiery Region* yet,
Hangs like the Body of *Mahomet*.
For if it be above the *Shade*,
That by the *Earths* round bulk is made,
'Tis probable, it may from far,
Appear no *Bullet* but a *Star*.

This

This said, He to his Engine flew,
 Plac'd near at hand, in open view,
 And rais'd it, till it level'd right
 Against the *Glow-worm-Tayl* of *Kite*.
 Then peeping through, (*Bless us!* quoth he)
 It is a *Planet* now I see;
 And, if I err not, by his proper
Figure, that's like *Tobacco-Stopper*.
 It should be *Saturn*, yes, 'tis clear,
 'Tis *Saturn*: But what makes he there?
 He's got between the *Dragons Tayl*,
 And further leg behind o'th' *Whale*;
 Pray *Heaven*, divert the fatal *Omen*,
 For 'tis a *Prodigie* not common,
 And can no less then the *World's* end,
 Or *Nature's* funeral portend.
 With that, He fell again to pry,
 Through *Perspective*, more wistfully;
 When, by mischance, the fatal string
 That kept the *Tow'ring Fowl* on wing,
 Breaking, down fell the *Star*: Well shot,
 Quoth *Whachum*, who right wisely thought
 H^e had level'd at a *Star*, and hit it:
 But *Sidrophel* more subtle-witted,
 Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful
 Portent is this, to see a *Star* fall!

It threatens *Nature*, and the doom
 Will not be long, before it come.
 When Stars do fall, 'tis plain enough,
 The *Day of Judgment's* not far off:
 As lately 'twas reveal'd to *Sedgwick*,
 And some of us find out by *Magick*.
 Then, since the time we have to live,
 In this *World's* shortned, Let us strive,
 To make our best advantage of it,
 And pay our losses with our profit.

This Feat fell out, not long before
 The *Knight* upon the forenam'd score,
 In quest of *Sidrophel* advancing,
 Was now in prospect of the *Mansion*:
 Whom he discovering, turn'd his *Glass*,
 And found far off, 'twas *Hudibras*.

Whachum (quoth he) look yonder, some
 To try, or use our Art, are come:
 The one's the Learned *Knight*; seek out,
 And pump 'em, what they come about.
Whachum advanc'd, with all submissness,
 T' accost 'em; but much more, their bus'ness.
 He held the Stirrup, while the *Knight*
 From *Leathern Bare-bones* did alight,
 And taking from his hand the Bridle,
 Approach'd the dark *Squire* to unriddle:

He

He gave him first the time o'th' day,
And welcom'd him, *as he might say* :
He ask'd him whencee they came, and whither
Their bus'ness lay ? Quoth *Ralpho*, hither ;
Did you not lose ——— Quoth *Ralpho*, nay ;
Quoth *Whachum*, Sir, I meant your way.
Your *Knight* ——— Quoth *Ralpho*, is a *Lover*,
And pains intolerable doth suffer,
For *Lovers* hearts are not their own hearts,
Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards.
What time ——— Quoth *Ralpho*, Sir too long ;
Three years it off and on, has hung ———
Quoth he, I meant what time o'th' day 'tis ?
Quoth *Ralpho*, between seven and eight 'tis.
Why then (quoth *Whachum*) my small *Art*,
Tells me, the *Dame* has a hard *Heart*,
Or great *Estate* ——— Quoth *Ralph*, a *Foynter*,
Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her.
Mean while the *Knight* was making water,
Before he fell upon the matter ;
Which having done, the *Wizard* steps in,
To give him sutable Reception ;
But kept his bus'ness at a *Bay*,
Till *Whachum* put him in the way.
Who having now by *Ralpho's* light,
Expounded th' Errand of the *Knight*,

And what he came to know, drew near,
To whisper in the *Conjurers* ear,
Which he prevented thus: What was't,
Quoth he, that I was saying last,
Before these *Gentlemen* arriv'd?
Quoth *Whachum*, *Venus* you retri'd,
In opposition with *Mars*,
And no benigne friendly Stars
T'allay the effect. Quoth *Wizard*, So!
In *Virgo*? Ha! quoth *Whachum*, No.
Has *Saturn* nothing to do in it?
One tenth of's *Circle* to a minute.
'Tis well, quoth he—— Sir, you'l excuse
This Rudeness, I am forc'd to use,
It is a *Scheme*, and face of *Heaven*,
As th' *Aspects* are dispos'd, this *Even*,
I was contemplating upon,
When you arriv'd: but now i've done.

Quoth *Hudibras*, If I appear
Unseasonable in coming here
At such a time, to interrupt
Your *Speculations*, which I hop'd
Assistance from, and came to use,
'Tis fit that I ask your Excuse.

By no means Sir, quoth *Sidrophel*,
The Stars your coming did foretel:

I did expect you here, and knew,
Before you spake, your bus'ness too.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Make that appear,
And I shall credit whatsoe're
You tell me after, on your word,
Howe're unlikely, or absurd.

You are in *Love*, Sir, with a *Widdow*,
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you ;
And for three years has rid your *Wit*,
And *Passion*, without drawing *Bit* :
And now your bus'ness is, to know
If you shall carry her, or no.

Quoth *Hudibras*, You'r in the right,
But how the *Devil* you come by't,
I can't imagine ; for the *Stars*,
I'm sure, can tell no more then a *Horse* ;
Nor can their *Aspects* (though you pore
Your eyes out on'em) tell you more
Then th'*Oracle* of *Sive* and *Sheers*,
That turns as certain as the *Spheres*.
But if the *Devil's* of your Counsel,
Much may be done, my noble *Donzel*.
And 'tis on his Accompt I come,
To know from you my fatal Doom.

Quoth *Sidrophel*, If you suppose,
Sir *Knight*, that I am one of those,

I might suspect, and take the *Alarm*,
Your Bus'ness is, but to enform,
But if it be; 'tis ne'r the near,
You have a *wrong Sew* by the ear,
For I assure you, for my part,
I only deal by *Rules of Art*,
Such as are lawful, and judge by
Conclusions of *Astrology*:
But for the *Dev'l*, know nothing by him,
But only this, that I despise him.

Quoth he, What ever others deem yee
I understand your *Metonymy*;
Your words of second hand intencion,
When things by wrongful names you mention,
The Mystick sense of all your *Terms*,
That are indeed but *Magick Charms*,
To raise the Devil; and mean one thing,
And that is, down-right *Conjuring*:
And in it self's more warrantable,
Then *Cheat*, or *Canting* to a *Rabble*;
Or putting *Tricks* upon the *Moon*,
Which by confederacy are done.
Your Ancient *Conjurers* were wont
To make her from her Sphere dismount,
And to their *Incantations* stoop:
They scorn'd to pore through *Telescope*,

Or

Or idly play at bo-peep with her,
 To find out cloudy, or fair weather;
 Which ev'ry *Almanack* can tell,
 Perhaps, as learnedly, and well,
 As you your self — Then friend I doubt
 You go the furthest way about.
 Your Modern *Indian Magician*
 Makes but a hole in th' earth to piss in,
 And streight resolves all Questions by 't,
 And seldom fails to be i'th' right.
 The *Rosy-Crucian* way's more sure,
 To bring the Devil to the Lure,
 Each of 'em has a sev'ral Gin,
 To catch *Intelligences* in.
 Some by the *Nose* with fumes trapan 'em,
 As *Dunstan* did the *Devil's Grannam*.
 Others with *Characters* and words,
 Catch 'em as men in *Nets* do *Birds*.
 And some with *Symbols, Signs, and Tricks,*
 Engrav'd in *Planetary* nicks
 With their own influences, will fetch 'em,
 Down from their Orbs, arrest and catch 'em;
 Make 'em depose, and answer to
 All *Questions*, e're they let 'em go.
Bumbastus, kept a *Devil's Bird*
 Shut in the Pummel of his Sword,

That taught him all the cunning Pranks,
Of past, and future *Mountebanks*.

Kelly did all his Feats upon

The Devil's *Looking-glass*, a *Stone*.

Where playing with him at *Boe-peep*

He solv'd all *Problems* ne'r so deep.

Agrippa kept a *Stygian-Pug*,

I' th' garb and habit of a *Dog*,

That was his *Tutor*; and the *Curr*

Read to th' Occult *Philosopher*,

And taught him subtly to maintain

All other *Sciences* are vain.

To this, quoth *Sidrophello*, Sir,

Agrippa was no *Conjurer*,

Nor *Paracelsus*, no nor *Behman*;

Nor was the *Dog* a *Cacodemon*,

But a true *Dog*, that would shew tricks,

For th' *Emperor*, and leap o're sticks;

Would fetch and carry, was more civil

Then other *Dogs*, but yet no Devil;

And whatsoe'r he's sayd to do,

He went the self-same way we go.

As for the *Rosie-cross Philosophers*,

Whom you will have to be but *Sorcerers*;

What they pretend to, is no more,

Then *Trismegistus* did before,

Pythagoras,

Pythagoras, old *Zoroaster*,
 And *Apollonius* their Master :
 To whom they do confess they owe,
 All that they do, and all they know.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Alas what is 't to us,
 Whether 't were sayd by *Trismegistus*,
 If it be *nonsense*, *false*, or *mystick*,
 Or not *intelligible*, or *sophistick*.
 'Tis not *Antiquity*, nor *Author*,
 That makes *truth truth*, altho *time's daughter* ;
 'Twas he that put her in the *Pit*,
 Before he pul'd her out of it :
 And as he eats his *Sons*, just so
 He feeds upon his *Daughters* too.
 Nor do's it follow, cause a *Herauld*
 Can make a *Gentleman*, scarce a year old,
 To be descended of a Race,
 Of ancient *Kings* in a small space ;
 That we should all Opinion hold
Authentick, that we can make old.

Quoth *Sidrophel*, It is no part
 Of prudence, to cry down an *Art* ;
 And what it may perform deny,
 Because you understand not *Why*.
 (As *Averrhois* play'd but a mean trick,
 To damn our whole *Art* for *Excentrick*.)

For

For who knows all that knowledg contains ?
Men dwell not on the *Tops* of *Mountains*,
But on their sides, or rising's seat ;
So 'tis with knowledge's vast height.
Do not the Hist'ries of all *Ages*
Relate miraculous Presages,
Of strange Turns, in the *World's* affairs,
Foreseen b' *Astrologers*, *Southsayers*,
Chaldeans, Learn'd *Genethliacks*,
And some that have writ *Almanacks* ?

The *Median* Emp'rour dreamt, his Daughter
Had pist all *Asia* under water ;
And that a *Vine*, sprung from her *hanches*,
O'respread his *Empire*, with its branches :
And did not *Southsayers* expound it,
As after by th' event he found it ?

When *Cæsar* in the Senate fell,
Did not the Sun eclips'd foretel,
And in resentment of his slaughter,
Look'd pale, for almost a year after ?

Augustus having, b' oversight,
Put on his *left-shoo*, 'fore the *right*,
Had like to have been slain that day,
By *Souldiers* mutining for pay.
Are there not *myriads* of this sort,
Which Stories of all times report ?

Is it not ominous in all *Countries*,
When *Crows* and *Ravens* croak upon trees?

The *Roman Senate*, when within
The City-walls an *Owl* was seen,
Did cause their *Clergy* with *Lustrations*
(Our *Synod* calls *Humiliations*)
The round-fac'd *Prodigie* t' avert
From doing *Town* or *Countrey* hurt.
And if an *Owl* have so much pow'r,
Why should not *Planets* have much more?
That in a *Region*, far above
Inferior fowls of the *Ayr*, move;
And should see further, and fore-know,
More then their *Angury* below,
(Though that once serv'd the *Politie*
Of mighty States to govern by :)
And this is that we take in hand,
By pow'rful *Art* to understand.
Which how we have perform'd, all Ages
Can speak th' *Events* of our Presages.
Have we not lately in the *Moon*
Found a *New World* to th' *Old* unknown?
Discover'd *Sea* and *Land*, *Columbus*
And *Magellan* could never compass?
Made Mountains, with our *Tubes*, appear,
And Cattle grazing on 'em there?

Quoth

Quoth *Hudibras*, You lie so ope,
 That I, without a *Telescope*,
 Can find your Tricks out, and descry
 Where you tell truth, and where you lie:
 For *Anaxagoras*, long ago,
 Saw *Hills*, as well as you i' th' *Moon*;
 And held the *Sun* was but a piece
 Of *Red-hot-Ir'n*, as big as *Greece*;
 Believ'd the Heavens were made of *Stone*,
 Because the *Sun* had voided one;
 And, rather than he would recant
 Th' *Opinion*, suffer'd Banishment.

But what, alas, is it to us,
 Whether in the *Moon*, men thus, or thus,
 Do eat their *Porredg*, cut their Corns,
 Or whether they have Tayls or Horns?
 What *Trade* from thence can you advance,
 But what we nearer have from *France*?
 What can our *Travellers* bring home
 That is not to be learnt at *Rome*?
 What *Po'iticks*, or strange *Opinions*,
 That are not in our own *Dominions*?
 What *Science* can be brought from thence,
 In which we do not here Commence?
 What *Revelations*, or *Religions*,
 That are not in our Native *Regions*?

Arc

Are sweating *Lant-horns*, or *Screen-Fans*
Made better there, then th' are in *France*?
Or do they teach to *sing* and *play*
O' th' *Gittarr* there, a newer way?
Can they make *Plays* there, that shall fit
The *Publick Humour*, with less *Wit*?
Write *Wittier Dances*, quainter *Shows*,
Or fight with more ingenious *Blows*?
Or does the *Man* i' th' *Moon* look big,
And wear a huger *Pere Wig*,
Shew in his gate, or face, more tricks
Then our own *Native Lunaticks*?
But if w' out-do him here at home,
What good of your design can come?
As *wind* in th' *Hypocondries* pent,
Is but a blast if downward sent;
But, if it upwards chance to fly,
Becomes new *Light* and *Prophecy*:
So, when your *Speculations* tend
Above their just and useful end,
Although they promise strange, and great
Discoveries of things far set,
They are but idle *Dreams* and *Fancies*,
And savour strongly of the *Ganzas*.
Tell me but what's the nat'ral cause,
Why, on a *Sign*, no *Painter* draws

The

The *Full-Moon* ever, but the *Half*,
 Resolve that with your *Jacob's-staff*;
 Or why *Wolves* raise a Hubbub at her,
 And *Dogs* howl when she shines in water;
 And I shall freely give my *Vote*,
 You may know something more remote.

At this deep *Sidrophel* look'd wise,
 And staring round with *Owl-like* eyes;
 He put his face into a posture
 Of *Sapience*, and began to bluster:
 For having three times shook his Head
 To stir his wit up, thus he said:

Art has no mortal enemies
 Next *Ignorance*, but *Owls* and *Geese*;
 Those Consecrated *Geese* in Orders,
 That to the *Capitol* were *Warders*:
 And being then upon *Petrol*
 With noyse alone beat off the *Gaul*.
 Or those *Athenian Sceptick Owls*,
 That will not credit their own *Souls*;
 Or any *Science* understand,
 Beyond the reach of eye, or hand:
 But meas'ring all things by their own
 Knowledg, hold, Nothing's to be known.
 Those wholesale *Criticks*, that in *Coffee-*
Houses, cry down all *Philosophy*.

And

And will not know, upon what ground
In Nature, we our *doctrins* found;
Although with pregnant evidence,
We can demonstrate it to sence:
As I just now have done to you,
Fore-telling what you came to know.

Were the *Stars* onely made to light
Robbers and Burglarers by night?
To wait on *Drunkards, Thieves, Gold-finders,*
And *Lovers* solacing behind *Dores*?
Or giving one another Pledges
Of *Matrimony* under Hedges?
Or *Witches Simpling*, and on *Gibbets*
Cutting from *Malefactors* snippets?
Or from the *Pillory* tips of ears
Of Rebel-Saints, and Perjurers?
Only to stand by and look on,
But not know what is said, or done?
Is there a *Constellation* there,
That was not born, and bred up here?
And therefore cannot be to learn,
In any inferiour Concern.
Were they not, during all their lives,
Most of 'em *Pirates, Whores, and Thieves*?
And is it like, they have not still
In their old *Practises* some skill?

Is there a *Planet*, that by *Birth*
 Does not derive its *House* from *Earth*?
 And therefore probably must know
 What is, and hath been, done below?
 Who made the *Ballance*; or whence came
 The *Bull*, the *Lion*, and the *Ram*?
 Did not we here, the *Argo* rigg,
 Make *Berenice's Perewig*?
 Whose *Liv'ry* does the *Coach-man* wear?
 Or, Who made *Cassiopea's Chair*?
 And therefore as they came from hence,
 With us may hold *Intelligence*.

Plato deny'd, The *World* can be
 Govern'd without *Geometree*,
 (For money b'ing the common Scale
 Of things by measure, weight, and tale;
 In all th' affairs of *Church* and *State*,
 'Tis both the *Ballance* and the *Weight* :)
 Then much less can it be without
 Divine *Astrology* made out,
 That puts the other down in worth,
 As far as *Heaven's* above *Earth*.

These reasons (quoth the *Knight*) I grant
 Ate something more significant
 Than any that the *Learned* use,
 Upon this *Subject* to produce;

And

And yet, th' are far from satisfactory,
T' establish and keep up your *Factory*.
Th' *Egyptians* say, The *Sun* has twice
Shifted his *setting*, and his *rise*;
Twice has he risen in the *West*,
As many times, set in the *East* :
But whether that be true, or no,
The *Devil* any of you know.

Some hold, the *Heavens*, like a *Top*,
Are kept by *Circulation* up ;
And, 't were not for their wheeling round,
They'd instantly fall to the ground :
As sage *Empedocles* of old,
And from him *Modern* Authors hold,
Plato believ'd the *Sun* and *Moon*,
Below all other *Planets* run.
Some *Mercury*, some *Venus* seat
Above the *Sun* himself in height.
The learned *Scaliger* complain'd
'Gainst what *Copernicus* maintain'd,
About the *Suns* and *Earths* approach ;
And swore, that he, that dar'd to broach
Such poultry *Fopperies* abroad,
Deserv'd to have his *Rump* well claw'd :
Which *Monsieur Bodin* hearing, swore,
That he deserv'd the *Rod* much more,

And

H

That

That durst upon a *Truth* give doom,
He knew no more then th' *Pope of Rome*.

Cardan believ'd, Great States depend
Upon the *Tip* o'th' *Bears* Tails end;
That as she whisk'd it t'wards the Sun,
Strow'd Mighty *Empires* up and down:
Which others say must needs be false,
Because your true *Bears* have no Tails.

Some say, The Stars i'th' *Zodiack*,
Are more then a whole *Sign* gone back,
Since *Ptolomy*; and prove the same,
In *Taurus* now, then in the *Ram*;
Affirm the *Trigons* chop'd and chang'd,
The *Watry* with the *Fiery* rang'd:
Then how can their *effects* still hold
To be the same they were of old?
This, though the *Art* were true, would make
Our Modern *Southsayers* mistake;
And is one cause they tell more lies,
In *Figures* and *Nativities*,
Then th' old *Chaldean* Conjurers,
In so many hundred thousand years:
Beside their Nonsense, in translating,
For want of *Accidence* and *Latin*.
Like *Idus* and *Calends* English'd
The *Quarter-days*, by skillful Linguist.

And

And yet with *Canting*, *Slight*, and *Cheat*,
 'Twill serve their turn to do the Feat ;
 Make Fools believe in their Fore-seeing
 Of things, before they are in Being ;
 To swallow *Gudgeons*, e're th' are catch'd,
 And count their *Chickens*, e're th' are hatch'd ;
 Make them the *Constellations* prompt,
 And give 'em back their own account :
 But still the Best to him that gives,
 The best price for't, or best believes.

Some *Towns* and *Cities*, some, for brevity,
 Have cast the Versal World's *Nativity* ;
 And made the Infant-Stars confess,
 Like Fools or Children, what they please :
 Some calculate the hidden fates
 Of *Monkeys*, *Puppy-dogs*, and *Cats*,
 Some *Running-Nags*, and *Fighting-Cocks* ;
 Some *Love*, *Trade*, *Law-suits*, and the *Pox* :
 Some take a measure of the Lives
 Of Fathers, Mothers, Husbands, Wives,
 Make *Opposition*, *Trine*, and *Quartile*,
 Tell who is barren, and who fertile,
 As if the *Planet's* first aspect
 The tender Infant did infect
 In *Soul*, and *Body* ; and instill
 All future good, and future ill :

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Which, in their dark fatalities lurking,
At destin'd Periods fall a working;
And break out, like the hidden seeds
Of long diseases, into deeds,
In Friendships, enmities, and strife,
And all th' emergencies of Life.

No sooner does he peep into
The *World*, but he has done his doe,
Catch'd all Diseases, took all *Physick*,
That cures, or kills a man that is Sick;
Marri'd his punctual dose of Wives,
Is Cookolded, and Breaks, or Thrives.
There's but the twinckling of a *Star*
Between a Man of *Peace* and *War*,
A *Thief* and *Justice*, *Fool* and *Knave*,
A huffing *Officer* and a *Slave*,
A crafty-*Lawyer* and *Pick-pocket*,
A great *Philosopher* and a *Block-head*,
A formal *Preacher* and a *Player*,
A Learn'd *Physitian* and *Man-slayer*.
As if men from the Stars did suck
Old-age, *Diseases*, and *ill-luck*,
Wit, *Folly*, *Honor*, *Virtue*, *Vice*,
Trade, *Travel*, *Women*, *Claps* and *Dise*:
And draw with the first Air they breathe,
Battle, and *Murther*, *sudden Death*.

Are

Are not these fine Commodities,
To be imported from the Skies ?
And vended here among the Rabble,
For staple goods, and warrantable ?
Like money by the *Druids* borrow'd,
In th' other *World* to be restor'd.

Quoth *Sidrophel*, to let you know
You wrong the *Art*, and *Artists* too :
Since Arguments are lost on those
That do our *Principles* oppose ;
I will (although I've don't before)
Demonstrate to your sense once more,
And draw a *Figure* that shall tell you,
What you perhaps forget, besel you ;
By way of *Horary* inspection,
Which some accompt our worst erection.
With that, He *Circles* draws, and *Squares*
With *Cyphers*, *Astral Characters* :
Then looks 'em o're, to understand 'em,
Although set down *Hab-nab*, at random.

Quoth he ! This *Scheme* of th' Heavens set,
Discovers how in fight you met
At *Kingston* with a *May-pole Idol*,
And that y'were bang'd, both back and side wel,
And though you overcame the *Bear*,
The *Dogs* beat You at *Brentford Fair* :

Where sturdy *Butchers* broke your Noddle,
And handled you like a *Fop-doodle*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I now perceive,
You are no *Conjurer*, by your leave;
That *Paultry story* is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat such *Gulls* as you.

Not true, quoth he! How e're you vapour,
I can, what I affirm, make appear;
Whackum shall justifie't t' your face,
And prove, he was upon the place:
He play'd the *Saltinbanco's* part,
Transform'd t' a *Frenchman* by my *Art*.
He stole your Cloke, and pick'd your pocket,
Chews'd, and Caldes'd ye like a Block-head:
And what you lost, I can produce
If you deny it, here, i' th' House.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I do believe,
That Argument's *Demonstrative*,
Ralpho, bear witness, and go fetch us
A *Constable* to seize the Wretches:
For though th' are both false *Knaves* & *Cheats*,
Impostors, *Juglers*, *Counterfess*,
I'll make them serve for *Perpendiculars*,
As true, as e're were us'd by *Brick-layers*:
They're *guilty*, by their own *Confessions*,
Of *Felony*; and, at the *Sessions*

Upon

Upon the *Bench*, I will so handle 'em,
That the *Vibration* of this *Pendulum*
Shall make all *Taylors* yards, of one
Unanimous Opinion :

A thing he long has vapour'd of,
But now shall make it out by proof.

Quoth *Sidrophel*, I do not doubt,
To find Friends, that will bear me out :
Nor have I hazarded my *Art*,
And Neck, so long on the *State's* part,
To be expos'd in th' end to suffer,
By such a *Braggadochio* Huffer.

Huffer, quoth *Hudibras* ! This *Sword*
Shall down thy false throat, Cram that word.
Ralpho, make haste, and call an Officer
To apprehend this *Stygian* Sophister ;
Mean while I'll hold 'em at a *Bay*,
Lest He and *Whachum* run away.

But *Sidrophel*, who from th' *Aspect*
Of *Hudibras*, did now erect
A *Figure* worse portending far,
Then that of most malignant Star ;
Believ'd it now the fittest moment,
To shun the danger that might come on 't,
While *Hudibras* was all alone,
And he and *Whachum*, two to one ;

This being resolv'd, He spi'd by chance,
Behind the Dore, an Iron-Lance,
That many a sturdy Limb had gor'd,
And Legs, and Loyns, and Shoulders bord.
He snatch'd it up, and made a Pass,
To make his way through *Hudibras*.

Whachum had got a Fier-fork,
With which he vow'd to do his Work.

But *Hudibras* was well prepar'd,
And stoutly stood upon his Guard.
He put by *Sidrophello's* thrust,
And in, right manfully, he rush'd;
The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
And lay'd him on the earth along.

Whachum his seacole-Prong threw by,
And basely turn'd his back to fly,
But *Hudibras* gave him a twitch
As quick as Lightning, in the Breech.
Just in the Place, where *Honor's* lodg'd,
As wise *Philosophers* have judg'd;
Because a kick in that part more
Hurts *Honor*; then deep wounds before.

Quoth *Hudibras*, The Stars determine
You are my Prisoners, Base Vermine.
Could they not tell you so, as well
As what I came to know, foretel?

By

By this, what *Cheats* you are, we find,
 That in your own Concerns are blind :
 Your Lives are now at my dispose,
 To be redeem'd by fine, or blows.
 But who his Honor would defile,
 To take, or sell, two lives so Vile?
 I'll give you *Quarter*, but your *Pillage*
 The Conqu'ring Warriors *Crop* and *Tillage*,
 Which with his Sword he reaps, and plows;
 That mine, the *Law* of *Arms* allows.

This said in haste, in haste he fell
 To romaging of *Sidrophel*.
 First, He expounded both his Pockets,
 And found a *Watch*, with *Rings* and *Lockets*;
 Which had been left with him, t' erect
 A *Figure* for, and so detect;
 A *Copper-Plate*, with *Almanacks*
 Engrav'd upon 't, with other knacks,
 Of *Booker's*, *Lilly's*, *Sarah Jimmer's*,
 And *Blank-Schemes* to discover *Nimmers*;
 A *Moon-Dial*, with *Napiers* bones,
 And several *Constellation-stones*,
 Engrav'd in *Planetary hours*,
 That over *Mortals* had strange powers
 To make 'em thrive in *Law*, or *Trade*,
 And stab, or poyson, to evade;

In

In *Wit*, or *Wisdom* to improve,
And be victorious in *Love*.

Wbachum had neither *Cross*, nor *Pile*,
His *Plunder* was not worth the while;
All which the *Conqu'rer* did discompt,
To pay for curing of his *Rump*.

But *Sidrophel*, as full of tricks,
As *Rata-men* of *Politicks*,
Streight cast about to over-reach
Th' unwary *Conqu'rer* with a fetch;
And make him glad (at least) to quit
His *Victory*, and fly the *Pit*,
Before the *Secular Prince* of *Darkness*
Arriv'd to seize upon his *Carcass*.

And, as a *Fox*, with hot pursuit,
Chas'd through a *Warren*, cast about
To save his credit, and among
Dead *Vermine* on a *Gallows* hung;
And while the *Dogs* ran underneath,
Escap'd (by counterfeiting *Death*)
Not out of *Cunning*, but a *Train*
Of *Atoms* jostling in his *Brain*,
As learn'd *Philosophers* give out:
So *Sidrophello* cast about,
And fell to 's wonted *Trade* again,
To feign himself in earnest slain.

First

First, stretch'd out one leg, then another :
 And seeming in his Breast to smother,
 A broken Sigh ; Quoth he, Where am I ?
 Alive, or Dead ? Or which way came I
 Through so immense a space so soon ?
 But now, I thought my self in th' *Moon* ;
 And that a *Monster* with huge *Whiskers*,
 More formidable then a *Switzers*,
 My body through, and through, had drill'd,
 And *Whachum* by my side, had kill'd,
 Had cross-examin'd both our *Hose*,
 And plundred all we had to lose :
 Look, there he is, I see him now,
 And feel the Place I am run through.
 And there lies *Whachum* by my side,
 Stone-dead, and in his own blood di'd.
 Oh ! Oh ! With that he fetch'd a *Gront*,
 And fell again into a swoon ;
 Shut both his eyes, and stop'd his breath,
 And to the *Life*, out-acted *Death*.
 That *Hudibras*, to all appearing,
 Believ'd him to be dead as *Herring*.
 He held it now, no longer safe,
 To tarry the return of *Raph* ;
 But rather leave him in the *Lurch* :
 Thought he, He has abus'd our *Church*,
Refus'd

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Refus'd to give himself one firk,
 To carry on the *Publick* Work.
 Despis'd our *Synod-men* like Durt,
 And made their *Discipline* his Sport;
 Divulg'd the secrets of their *Classes*
 And their *Conventions* prov'd *High-Places*;
 Disparag'd their *Tith-pigs*, as *Pagan*,
 And set at nought, their *Cheese* and *Bacon*;
 Rayl'd at their *Covenant*, and jear'd
 Their rev'rend Persons to my *Beard*:
 For all which *Scandals* to be quit,
 At once, this *Juncture* falls out fit.
 I'll make him henceforth, to beware,
 And tempt my fury, if he dare:
 He must (at least) hold up his hand,
 By twelve *Free-holders* to be scan'd,
 Who by their skill in *Palmistry*
 Will quickly read his *Destiny*;
 And make him glad to read his *Lesson*
 Or take a turn for't at the *Session*;
 Unless his *Light*, and *Gifts* prove truer,
 Then ever yet they did, I'm sure:
 For if he scape with *Whipping* now,
 'Tis more then he can hope to do.
 And that will disengage my *Conscience*,
 Of th' *Obligation*, in his own sense.

I'll make him now by force abide,
What he by gentle means deny'd,
To give my *Honor* satisfaction,
And right the *Brethren* in the *Action*.
This being resolv'd with equal Speed,
And *Conduct*, he approach't his *Steed*;
And with *Activity* unwont,
Assay'd the lofty *Beast* to mount,
Which once atchiev'd, he spur'd his *Palfry*,
To get from th' *Enemy*, and *Ralph*, free;
Left Danger, Fears, and Foes behind,
And beat at least, three lengths, the Wind.

F I N I S.